

FALLOUT
FROM ISRAEL'S
RAID

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 22, 1981

\$1.00

DON'T DRINK THE WATER

Chemical cocktails from kitchen taps



Some of the best things
are measured by the ounce.



Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. is V.O.

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COVER STORY

Don't drink the water

Canada boasts having nine per cent of the world's fresh water supply, but the purity of what comes out of the tap can no longer be taken for granted. From one end of the country to the other, stories are pouring out about polluted wells, chemicals found in water reservoirs and worrisome health problems caused by drinking water. Maclean's Senior Writer Jane O'Hara has prepared this special report. —Page 26



Raid on a reactor

Sighs of relief were all but drowned out by demonstrations of Israel's strike at Iraq. —Page 29

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LETTERS

Painful cure

The theme of your editorial *The Cure for Inflation May Turn Out to Be a Killer* (June 8) is a dangerous thought. There is no principle of economics more elementary than the one that says if the quantity of money increases at a greater rate than production, the price level will increase. We all know that it has. So Bank of Canada Governor Booy, whose explicit mandate is to maintain the integrity of the currency, is trying to lose the money increase down. And he's doing it all alone. In my view, he's the only hero in sight. Of course the cure is painful. But the longer it's postponed the more painful it's going to get. Any liberal worthy of the name deplores the random results, but nobody so far has come up with a practical way to distribute the effort more equitably.

—A. D. CARRON
Toronto

A grave race toward mega-death

You are in error when you assert that the Soviet Union possesses qualitative and quantitative advantages in strategic forces in Europe (*The Unknown Guest*, World, June 1). If one wants to play the numbers game in terms of strategic warheads (as opposed to the misleading sounds count which ignores current reliance on multiple warheads), then NATO is clearly ahead and has always been. More to the point, the quantitative superiority of mega-death weaponry leads to a real decrease in global security. Any talk of strategic advantage is vacuum abstraction.

—JAMES WALSH
Peterborough, Ont.



Governor Booy is doing it all alone

A more tussle in a long fight

For me, a victim of total allergy syndrome, it was a 22-year fight with a medical establishment that refused to acknowledge the existence of ecological illness (*An Allergic Reaction to Modern Life*, Health, June 8). I owe a great deal to, among others, the Herman Ecology Foundation of Canada. The only thing that can ease us in knowledge. And it's time the medical profession got its head out of the sand and started healing the chasm between diagnosis and reality.

—MARY NELSON
Winnipeg

I am very disappointed by the evidence that your allergy article has given to the efforts of the so-called "clinical ecologists." Their techniques have been care-

fully studied and have been shown to be without any merit or validity. I disagree very strongly with the statement that doctors do not seem to understand this area. The problems are being investigated carefully and some conventional treatments have proved effective. By highlighting the supposed, the "Lies" of allergy, you only frustrate the attempts of those who are scientifically seeking answers.

—J. GREENHALGH MD
Hamilton, Ont.

Don't bank on it

No longer can one feel outrage when reading about such scandals as the Thierhill affair—only anger and frustration (*The Power Be Not With Them*, Canada, June 8). Let's not despair! I propose that all Canadians march into their banks and ask for the new bank service—the three-quarter withdrawal on personal loans.

—PATRICIA HARVEY
Grand Pré, N.S.

Creative bureaucracy

Moore Moore claims that cultural policy in Canada is *Adapt* in a *Never-Never Land* (Politics, June 8). His solution is simple—more federal money. But where will it go? A dollar or two may trickle down to creative people, more by accident than design. While creative Canadians are working hard at improving quality, one set of cultural bureaucrats does not understand marketing and another set thinks that kyming the product is the solution. Somewhere in the middle the needs of creative people get lost. And more funding will simply strengthen antagonisms between competing bureaucracies.

—JEN LOVELL
Halifax, N.S.

PASSAGES



DEED: Allen Ludén, 61, host of the television game show *Person or G. E. College*, died in Los Angeles, Calif., following an 18-month battle with cancer. His widow is actress Betty White. ("See Ann Nixson" in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.)

ASSIGNED OFFICE: West Berlin Christian Democratic Union leader Richard von Weizsäcker, 60, as governing mayor of West Berlin, leading the first all-GDR administration since the Second World War.

ARREST: Tony Benn, 56, a leadership contender for Britain's opposition Labour Party, with acute polyneuritis, an illness expected to damage left-winger

Benn's chances of winning the party's deputy leadership from leading centre-right politician Denis Healey.



SENTENCE: Grace Hartman, 66, president of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, to 90 days in jail for delaying a court injunction (last January) during the illegal strike of Ontario

hospital workers. CUPE's Ontario president, Lucy Nicholson, was sentenced to 15 days.

DEED: Alexander Baris Crook, 68, of St. John's, Nfld., in Toronto, after suffering a heart attack during a walk. Uncle of former Conservative finance minister John Crook. A. B. Crook was the leader within his prominent Newfoundland family in the fight against joining Canada in 1949.

REIGNED: President Babrak Karmal, 51, of Afghanistan, as premier, following a reorganization of the Afghan Revolutionary Council, in favor of his deputy, Sultan Ali Roshanman.



DEPOSED: President Abdolkarim Bani-Sadr, 58, by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini in a referendum—chief of Iran's armed forces. At week's end, Bani-Sadr was in hiding, claiming a coup against him was under way.

SENTENCE: Ted Drabick, the Calgary hostage-taker, to six years in prison. "Second justice will not come at the end of a handgun or rifle," Mr. Justice Allan Cawsey told the 50-year-old Drabick, who stood off police for 3½ days in a hostage-taking inspired by his mortgage battle with a bank.

ANNOUNCING NEW VANTAGE LIGHTS AND MENTHOL LIGHTS.



THE NEW MILDNESS.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine.

Disrespect in a head

The shooting of a martial hero can hardly be regarded as *The Ultimate Blasphemy* (Cover, May 25). At worst it's a graffiti. The degradation of one English language to equate the assault on a person to the death of a god may create lurid headlines, but it shows little respect for our country's multi-cultural culture.

—DAVID G. FORD
Brandon, Man.

Never on Wednesday

In his editorial *Be May More No Denounce but No Name In Legend* (May 25) Peter C. Newman wrote "Some of his pronouncements have been mislabeled (such as his decree that a man commits adultery when he looks at his wife 'with contemptuousness')." The Pope said this in one of his Wednesday speeches, not in a "decree." There is a big difference between a speech and a decree.

—C. FRANTZ
Maitlandville, N.C.

Bring me your children

Regardless of his 30 years of "voluntarism" for aid agencies, that does not equate Carlo Tusa to shrewdly denigrate the work of one of the world's largest and most respected aid organizations—UNICEF (*Less Dollars and More Sense*, *Pedibus*, May 18). Nor on the basis of several personal shortcomings of other agencies should the work of most international agencies be dismissed so readily. There is a humanistic risk aspect to all such aid that goes beyond the application of a simplistic long-term



Pope John Paul II: a big difference

economic solution to problems. Twelve million children born last year (and in every 30) are now dead. Almost all die on the knife edge of poverty. Some of us choose to do something about that, even if what we do is "technically unsound." UNICEF has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize this year for its general work as well as helping to save the children and mothers of Cambodia (Kampuchea).

—HARRY'S SLACK
Executive Director,
UNICEF Canada, Toronto

The family continues the fight

As Gale Garnett would abolish marriage and have the children born (after a licence had been granted) turned over to a succession (Not for Father, but for Worm, *Pedibus*, May 28), it is probable that a person whose "first love affair" was at age 18 after leaving home, and who murdered her mother as one of many struggles, should be allowed to take up a page. As the family goes, so goes the nation.

—K. MCFHEEN
Oro Shallow, Ont.

The question isn't so much how many happy marriages do you have, but already, how many happy people do you have? Garnett's alternative is merely putting people in different boxes with a whole set of new rules.

—ROSE FLETCHER
Claybrook, Sask.

The ancient Chinese would agree with Gale Garnett's theory of marriage, that marrying for love leads to several expectations among immature couples. The Chinese believed that marriages arranged by parents made more sense. They supported them by putting a bottle of cold water on a fire and letting it come slowly to a boil. By contrast,

worrying during the full heat of passion is like starting with the kettle already boiling. The only change possible is for it to boil down.

—H.C. MCKINNEY
Pocahontas, Que.

Respectable terrorists?

I question the accuracy of the statement in your article on the infant formula code (*A Formula for Disaster*, *World*, June 1) that there was a bomb threat to Nestlé's annual meeting. What actually happened was that an attempt was made by Nestlé to smear its opponents as terrorists by groundless accusations to the chairman's speech. The poor consensus vote for the code is a strong indication of the industry's critics. The fundamental truth of the anti-formula case and the respectability of its proponents make accusations of terrorism tactics quite absurd.

—E. FRANKFORD
Toronto

In the fog over changes yet

In *A New May to Find the Big Grab* (Canada, May 18) your writer informs us that big business had caught on and was mobilizing "the black army" who changes yet? What so soon does he mean all ready? —NORMAN S. JELLYMAN
Red Deer, Alta.

A watery grave

Bobby Bonds was a criminal and yet we are supposed to feel remorse and grief after he committed suicide (*Making of a Martyr*, *Cover*, May 18). Bobby Bonds is not a martyr on the true scale of the word. It is also interesting to note that he, a prisoner confined to jail, enjoyed the luxury of a water bed. Was this one of those demands they agreed upon?

—SCOTT POLL
Kitchener, Ont.

And down will come baby

As a 28-year-old running a family of three on \$200 a month in Toronto, I should be a prime candidate as PM, not in Yvonne Arber's department (*A Land of Milk and Honey and Credit*, *Business*, May 25). It seems Israel has all our economic problems, but at least something is being done about it. It must be a first by any government of a prominent country in the world. The Israeli government in buying time from inflation for its people could be the best case study does fall out. Our only hope is that the bottom will fall.

—RICHARD SHILLER
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply street address and telephone number. Mail correspondence is left in the editor's hands. Senders assume all University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A5.



conservation concepts: the importance of knowing what goes where.

Most of us have many appliances around the house. Some of them use more energy than others. One of the best ways to use electricity wisely is to be especially aware of the big energy users.

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Clothes Dryer	4,800	80	\$3.95
Clothes Washer automatic (not with hot included)	500	6	32
Dishwasher (not with hot included)	1,300	16	72
Food Freezer—18 cu. ft. frost free	725	75	3.00
Food Freezer—18 cu. ft. frost free	425	40	3.00
Furnace (oil, gas or coal)	220	120	4.00
Furnace (oil, gas or coal)	220	50	3.00
Gas—Electric	1,450	25	98
Range (standard)	12,500	120	4.00
Refrigerator—Frost-free—18 cu. ft. (frost free)	300	120	4.00
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Room Air Conditioner (10,000 Btu per hour)	900	80	2.40-3.00 (per season)
Room Air Conditioner (10,000 Btu per hour)	1,400	90-100	3.00-3.40 (per season)
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When you're buying new appliances, check the Energuide ratings to see how energy efficient they are. All refrigerators, freezers, dishwashers, clothes washers and ranges leaving the factory carry the label. The Energuide label makes it easy to select from among comparable appliance models the one which uses the least

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Guysborough rides a wave of success

By Sam Calhoun

It's three o'clock on Friday afternoon and the words whiffing off the Atlantic at Little Dover, N.S., are threatening rain. Inside the shell of a building that houses the Boat Builders Co-operative, businessmen and sailors have been hung up for the day (co-opers work long hours during the week and knock off Friday at 12:30), while outside a handful of men hurriedly dash past on a rain-soaked Cape Islander, scrambling to finish the fishing boat's ribs before the downpour. Just a few short years ago the men would have groused the vessel when the tide went out and struggled to get the job done before it came in again, but today they have heaved the boat right out of the water on a marine slip owned by the co-op. It's the only slip for miles along the shore, and has made life much easier for fishermen in Guysborough County since it was installed four years ago.



When people speak of Guysborough County's resources, they speak of rocks, trees and a bit of fish

A marine slip is a relatively simple piece of equipment (this one cost \$3,000) taken for granted by fishermen in most parts of Nova Scotia. But in Guysborough, one of the most chronically depressed counties, fishermen had done without one for years. In fact, it was only after the county was chosen for Employment and Immigration Canada's Community Employment Strategy (CES) program in 1975 that the funds materialized to acquire one. Guysborough was one of 30 target communities in a three-year experiment (originally touted as a \$50-million project) set up to co-ordinate existing government programs and cut through red tape to help people find jobs. CES is new a thing of the past, but remnants of it have survived in two communities—Nanaimo, B.C., and Guysborough—largely due to the obstinacy of people who refused to see their efforts go for naught because government pulled out. "Other communities knew it [CES]

was going to end and never acted on it," says Terence Hanks. "We thought it was ridiculous to come in and run around for three years and then bang, you're finished." Hanks, 33, is president of Malgrew's Guysborough Canoe Development Incentives Ltd. (MCCDL), a development corporation controlled by the Community Employment Strategy Association (CESA), a community-owned body set up in 1975 when the CES program started. Unlike other development corporations in Nova Scotia's history, MCCDL harbours no lofty ambitions of attracting industrial giants. It provides start-of-the-pipe advice, and sometimes financial assistance, to individuals or groups wanting to start small companies. "We'd rather see 30 operations out-of-the-pipe than one employing 300," says Hanks. So far,

CESAs and MCCDLs have given the tail calling for 25 or so companies, from blueberry farms, cottage crafts, a bakery and a silk-screening operation to a medical centre and sleeping complex.

Just why Guysborough was targeted for the CES program is a puzzle since other parts of the province, in 1975, rivaled its 30-per-cent unemployment rate. But taken as a whole, Guysborough was a county of extremes. A rugged triangle of land which cuts into the Atlantic at the easternmost tip of mainland Nova Scotia, Guysborough is the only county completely bypassed by main highways. It's one of the least densely populated counties in the province—a sprawling 1,644-square-mile area with 13,000 people and only two towns, Malgrew and Canis, large enough to call themselves towns.



Donald Myers (bearded) and staff of Little Dover Boat Builders (top). Members of St. Michael Co-operative (above): "It's like playing poker—anybody bets up"

MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.



When people speak of Guysborough County's resources, they speak of rocks and trees and a lot of fish. The bush offers seasonal employment for pulp cutters. Good farmland is virtually nonexistent and the lobster fishery has slid steadily downhill since the mid-'70s. A 1979 door-to-door survey in Malgrave uncovered an actual unemployment rate of 55 per cent. Economist Cesare Toscani, in a 1979 study, wrote "Guysborough County has been undergoing a process of economic decay that started approximately 30 years ago, does not seem to have reached bottom. The conditions could easily degenerate further and create a shambles area of very difficult recuperation."

In a sense, it was a natural place to encourage small industry because, unlike other large communities, the death of manufacturing in Guysborough meant no competition. In 1970, there were eight companies with a total of 580 employees. People embraced this with a schizophrenia typical of rural Nova Scotians accustomed to living on government handouts while gratefully suspending and resentful of them. The first organizational meeting in 1975 was elected by government bureaucrats to be a by-conviction-only affair, but word



Rue Ryan and Vanessa Hanson, so lofty ambitions of attracting industrial glints

of regional economic expansion officials "We finally said, 'stuff it, we'll do it ourselves.'" The money now markets itself for more than 20 agencies.

The key to MGCCL's success has been a revolving fund established with a one-time federal grant of \$500,000 in early 1980. Soaked away in a term deposit, the money has grown modest. The resources to survive while hunting for business "If somebody wants to go into or expand a business," says Ryan, "he has to put in as much [money], we'll maybe loan him some or we'll establish a line of credit for him at a bank. It's like playing poker. Everybody starts up."

Much of the emphasis has been on small co-ops, not surprising since Guysborough County was the original turf of Fathers Moses Goady and Jimmy Thompson, founders of the world-renowned Antigonish Co-operative Movement. One of the first co-ops inspired by the fathers pair is still operating today in Little Dover—the Blue Ribbon Co-operative, started as a lobster cannery in 1932 and changed over to sell fish as the lobster fishery died out, is now a 50-per-cent shareholder in Little Dover Boat Builders, one of the first co-ops inspired by CES. "Same principle, new jargon," Hanson says wryly.

"We just sat down and thought, now what would be good for this area," explains Donald Myatt, general manager at Blue Ribbon for 15 years and Little Dover Boat Builders for two. "We came to the conclusion that a boat shop was essential." Now retired, Myatt, 72, believes in the value of encouraging local initiative. "If you get local people involved in a co-op, they'll put their heart and soul into making it work," he says. "Bring in outsiders to run things and you get nothing but trouble." After three years on a Local Employment Assistance Program grant, Little Dover Boat Builders is now self-sufficient and turning a profit.

Many of the problems encountered by Goady and Thompson 50 years earlier still exist in the county today, but events of the past few years have also given rise to a new spirit. A modernist's project in Guysville (population 200) combined woodworking skills with a literacy program after manager Jim MacFarlane discovered that the local carpenter didn't know the difference between a half-inch and three-eighths of an inch. And Guysborough now has the only indigenous people's theatre in the province, the Malgrave Road Show.

To date, co-ops and societies play a crucial role in helping 200 permanent jobs and more than 3,000 temporary. "Their track record is better than most government departments," says Mike Ryan. "Moses Goady would be mightily pleased to see us working alongside the likes of Ryan and Hanson."

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THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A
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The metrified forest

The brave new world of metrification has been slow to dawn. After a decade of planning and \$30.7 million in federal outlays, the Liberal government's crusade to rid Canada of the imperial system of weights and measures is only 56 per cent completed. Public acceptance is at best lukewarm, and occasionally even defiant. Grace Young, for instance, has run the smallest grocery in drizzly Lakefield, Ont.,

for half a century. Now, at 53, she is up in arms against a government edict requiring her to buy a new metric scale, costing between \$1,600 and \$2,000. Says Young: "I don't like the government messing this down for them." Back farming is plentiful in her area, around Peterborough, Ont., one of three centres where metric weight scales for meat and produce were tested in 1978. Bluffed consumers gestured voiceover-

ers or headed elsewhere to shop. One store claimed it lost \$200,000 in sales. In all, the experiment was "a disaster," says Kenneth Gadd, president of the Canadian Federation of Retail Grocers.

Gadd insists Canadians have been "rubber stamped" and "misled benevolently" by the Metric Commission of Canada. With support from the Loblaw and S&W grocery store chains and other companies, Gadd has mounted a protest against weigh-scale conversion, now set to begin next January after two postponements. Converting the country's 120,000 scales will cost at least \$50 million. Despite thousands of written complaints, Ottawa is not relenting. "Many of the scales would have to be changed, metrification or not," because they aren't equipped to give readings in today's high prices, says Charles Laporte, minister of state for small business and tourism.

Two other inconvenienced industries are house builders, who have had trouble getting materials in metric dimensions, and meat packers, who have been confused by delays in metrification. Consumers have been similarly baffled. A key problem, says Jean Brough of the Consumers' Association of Canada, has been comparing prices on a product when some brands have converted and others have not. Not until 1984 will the country be substantially metrified.

Why are Canadians going through all this, with a total cost to the economy in the billions of dollars? Inquisitive federal officials naivelyly repeat that Canada, as an exporting country, had no choice because most of the rest of the world is metric. Since the metric program was undertaken here in 1970, however, sales to Europe as a percentage of all Canadian exports have added to 18 per cent from 16 per cent. And in the U.S. (estimation of 50 per cent of Canada's exports), Representative Doug Walgren, chairman of a U.S. House subcommittee on metric conversion, forecasts "short of economic crisis, I don't think you're going to get a mandate for metric conversion out of the Reagan government." An exhaustive 1978 U.S. government study on the subject concluded: "For most consumer products and for activities, such as sports... no major benefits would occur to either producers, consumers, or participants and spectators by converting to the metric system."

Paul Boire, executive director of the Metric Commission, maintains that, as in Australia, public resistance in Canada will dissipate once the program is fully in place. Or, at least, equality will win out. "Trade people call us about metric and say, 'why do we have to change?'" recalls Brough. But, she adds, they don't do anything about it. —Liz Warrington

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Fear and loathing in the land

Nuclear fallout throughout the nation—and one very closely watched train



By Jane O'Hara

From the outset of its journey it was not a train bound for glory. Trouble first erupted with CP Rail's 404—a regularly scheduled freight train from Vancouver to Toronto—at Vancouver's docks early last week, when B.C. longshoremen refused to load 12 bright red steel shipping containers, marked DANGER, with five tonnes. The hour-size containers, which had arrived from Australia by ship and which contained 120 tonnes of unrefined uranium—a golden radioactive powder known as "yellowcake"—were finally hoisted aboard the 404 when grifter-unionist-carrying officials from Atomic Energy of Canada assured longshoremen that they would not be set adrift from handling it.

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Would be train stoppage at Vancouver (Greenspace director Moore, far right, maybe there was a cash flow problem?)

while being shipped and that the refined uranium was destined for atomic weapons use in a foreign country. "It's definitely not going to Iraq," said AEC's spokesman Hugh Spence.

There are only five uranium refineries in the world, and Canada services more than 50 energy utilities in 12 countries, all of which have signed a nuclear safeguards agreement. Although Australia is blessed with huge uranium reserves, it has no refining plant and provides only a fraction of the yellowcake shipped to Port Hope to be purified and enriched into 12 million pounds of uranium every year. At Eldorado's headquarters in Ottawa, officials were left shaking their heads at the pre-emptory unloading of their shipment by anti-nuclear groups. "Canada's been moving millions of pounds of yellowcake for decades," said David Smith, Eldorado's director of information. "We know." Maybe Greenspace has a cash flow problem now that it's no longer selling season.



For Greenspace, however, the publicity could not have been more timely since it coincided with the opening salvo in a month-long campaign to try to stop uranium mining in northern Saskatchewan. And while Patrick Moore, director of Greenspace Canada, was starting his door-to-door protest in Prince Allen, Eldorado's Regina riding last week, events in Ottawa and Toronto also helped to raise the nuclear consciousness of Canadians. The nuclear issue entered right up to the front steps of the Ontario legislature, when a 47-year-old insulation contractor from Renfrew, 300 km to the northwest, proposed the government's decision to transfer radioactive waste from Metro Toronto to his home town. Larry Tisdan, showing a flair for the dramatic, if not the absurd, illustrated his plea by "delivering to Mr. Duvall" a toy dump truck full of dirt and bearing the sign DANGER—RADIOACTIVE WASTE.

Of greater significance last week was a study released at a Canadian Nuclear Association conference in Ottawa, which declared that the cost of dismantling such Ontario Hydro's six nuclear power stations after their 30- to 50-year life span would be at least \$500 million over a 40-year period. Author Bob Stenning declared that the dismantling will be "relatively straightforward"—but for people who have already been complaining about living next to active A-plants, the spectre of abandoned reactors spewing out pollutants onto their back porches and into their bedrooms is a note by many other means. ☐



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Quebec

Scarlet tunics and red faces

There this, it's the man that's set to get the *Montréal* Québec's attorney-general, Marc-Alexis Beaudet, last week charged 17 present and former members of the RCMP Security Service with a range of crimes that would make any true terrorist proud. The toughest that they brought them to justice was a lot longer and tricker than a dog's head across the tundra. It was four years ago this week that the still-blooming Parti Québécois moved to settle a few old scores by ordering a commission of inquiry into illegal police activity within the province. Mysterious deaths of dynamite, the burning of a courthouse here and the theft of the PQ's computerized membership list had come to light with the raising of one of the barometer's own. Even before coming to power in 1976, the party feared the federal police force was meddling in its internal affairs, though it has never been publicly raised, top party leaders suspect the RCMP of having planned undercover agents to successfully that way became an official PQ candidate in 1978.

The biggest catch of alleged police conspirators and rat burglars was netted as a result of Commissioner Jean Robitaille's investigation into the 1978 theft and copying of the PQ's membership list—the same time when the party was Québec's first elected official opposition in the National Assembly. The top cop charged with conspiracy is that paper was the RCMP's former chief superintendent of the Security Service, Howard Rogers. It was (Rogers was retired, who allegedly authorized the theft of computer tapes storing the membership list for motives that were described vari-

ously from determining the degree of separatist infiltration of government and the armed forces to the investigation of a tip from the federal cabinet office that the PQ may have been given \$350,000 by a foreign power. Another senior officer charged with a theft and conspiracy charged up to it a three-quarter and new Superintendent. Alvin Nolin was, four years after the alleged crime, conducted an internal RCMP inquiry into illegal operations by the force—but neglected to report the computer tapes robbery in which he allegedly was implicated. A surprising discovery from one of those charged is John Starnes who, as director-general of the Security Service, gave final approval for the operation without referring his political boss, the attorney-general.

A separate set of charges is faced by a four-man squad of RCMP raiders who could not remember during Keable Commission testimony just why they stole a quantity of dynamite in 1972. The dynamite gang was already made up of Robitaille's own. Beaudet charged with conspiracy, illegal entry and possession of dynamite are former staff sergeant Donald McCleery, Corporal Bernard Chamberlain and Constable Duhaime and Constable Richard Daigle.

Two weeks later, McCleery and four underlings allegedly tested a barometer in a leftist conference called Le Parti Québec Libéré which was, according to police files, a rendezvous point for Front de libération du Québec terrorists and members of the U.S. Black Panther party. The fire was set, the barometer inquiry was told, to prevent the anti-separatist Québec terrorists from being trained in hardcore revolution by the American radicals. One of the accused firefighters, Sgt. Claude Brodeur, told Kable the collusion was "loose" relations between commandos and the Black Panthers. Also charged with conspiracy and arson are McCleery and Corporal Ber-

nard Duhaime and Bernard Elber. In all, 48 charges were laid against seven persons operating in the early 1970s and were charged were innocent concerning the kidnapping and assassination of two men the RCMP attempted to reveal as informants. (They didn't get their men.) —DAVID THOMAS

National

A man at the end of his rope?

Not for nothing were Grits and New Democrats stirring around the Commons last week like as many Madame Defarges at the guillotine, cockling their Joe Clark was being done by his own Tories. The leaders will not budge, but the life is undeniably seeping out of Clark's party leadership. Not only his critics think so—that third of party activists who voted for a lead-



ership contest at the Conservative convention last February. More telling are the reluctant signs of his political friends, as they decide that Clark can only regain his authority in the party if he calls—and wins—a leadership campaign. All agree that Clark should not hope simply to muddle through, enduring the tactical and tactical portions and concessions against a trenchant shift between the shoulder blades.

Continuously, while they urge him to call a leadership contest, many top shots of encouraging him to run Michael Meighan, another Clark ally and president of the party when Clark won the leadership in 1976, agrees that the worst thing for the party would be to press on as it is and wind up in a leader-

ship fight at its next general meeting in 1982. On the other hand, if Clark had to face a fight this fall, "he'd have a tough time winning," says Meighan. A growing number of party insiders want Clark to agree to a leadership convention next spring, whether he runs or stays. Conversely, the party executive is already planning for a policy meeting in Winnipeg next spring which could easily be transformed into a leadership vote.

Clark's deliriums were plain to see last week when the Conservatives chose to use one of their Commons opposition days to debate capital punishment (abolished by Parliament in 1976). Of the 300 Tories in the House, Clark is among perhaps only a dozen who support the abolition, although he has won some acceptance among the "hanger" by endorsing a free vote on the issue. Budgetary rules ransack the subject for debate. Clark had to reverse his own sometimes with his right wingers' his motion called for the question to be sent to committee for study, but did not actually recommend a return to the issue. "This is a debate about democracy," intoned Clark, to extend from Liberals and Tories. The Tory case for executions was weakened by the fact that Statistics Canada figures conveniently released two hours before the debate showed that murder rates have declined 638 murders in 1975 (12.79 per 100,000 population) down to 483 in 1980 (10.66 per 100,000). Clark's argument failed to persuade five of his own abolitionists, who would support him. Since by House rules this was a non-confidence matter, the Liberal majority rose as one to defeat it, along with the NDP.

Clark, to be sure, was not the only leader with dissenting followers last week. Pierre Trudeau himself might have some (with five others) denouncing their intention to be "free of personal distaste" in future debates—making clear, however, that they were not dropping their party's choice. Any drop in the Tories, by contrast, might be of Clark through a landslide. —JOHN HAYS

Toronto

Cloudy week for the Sunshine Boys

When young, gifted and rakish Donald Ramsey was flying high, editor of *The Toronto Star*, he looked like a star. When Ramsey crashed hard last week he took with him the reputations of both the *Star* and one of its most respected reporters. With Bob Regaly, Ramsey coauthored a



We were wrong



"Star" apology, Publisher Crighton, Worthington, a visit to Ramsey's World

front-page sensation that Indian and Northern Affairs Minister John Munro may have used his cabinet position to profit in the stock market during Prime Minister's take-over of Petro-Canada. Promptly snatched by Munro for \$700,000, the "little paper that grew" could not provide a shred of evidence to buttress Ramsey's tale. Last Tuesday, in an editorial, the paper apologized to Munro and three others Ramsey named. Admitted the paper: "When the Press Member described the Sun's Petro-Canada story as 'garbage' it appears that we were not far from the truth. We are very sorry." But the paper failed to admit Munro's suit or to state to its readers the extent of its internal failure in handling the story. In sharp contrast stood *The Washington Post's* painful public self-examination: "The startlingly similar case of a man's stock, a prize-winning secretary of a 10-year-old, hunchy politician, that was also revealed as a work of fiction."

In the *Star* newsroom they now call their drama "Dance of the World." Like *The Sun*, the young author of the *Post's* confession, Ramsey, was no novice. It was *Star* Editor-in-Chief Peter Worthington who approved his hiring as the paper's investigation reporter and pushed him to develop the tip that led to the Munro fiasco. Admittedly, Worthington still maintains that had the story been true it could have "brought down the government."

Despite the importance of Ramsey's accusations, Worthington did not edit the final version. Nor did he demand Ramsey show his proof. In the same way Ramsey pulled the *Post's* Regaly, he convinced Managing Editor Ed Meleth (now more on the subject) and the *Star's* lawyers that he had the damning documents on microfilm. Not so, even the award-winning Regaly, who

had been brought into the Munro story to establish Ramsey, bothered to ask for enlargements of the microfilm. Ramsey's detailed account of names, dates and places was accepted by everyone. "Everyone knew Regaly and Regaly had a big reputation," says Worthington. "It never occurred to me that Regaly wouldn't have had it. It wasn't that the system was wrong, just that the personality involved was beyond question."

And Regaly believed Ramsey. He just could not believe the young reporter would "pull a fast one" on him. "When I was told of the reporter's story to reconstruct Ramsey's investigation, they said only what Regaly describes as 'a cathedral of lies' in a showdown last Monday with Regaly and three other *Star* reporters, Ramsey admitted he had "misled" the paper. "More than betrayed, I feel like a fool," says Regaly. "And that hurts the most."

Ramsey was fired on the spot and his whereabouts after a money voice, apparently, to the two *Star* female reporters who shelled him in their apartments while their editors were furiously trying to find him in the wake of Munro's lawsuit. Regaly was asked to resign and did so steadily the day after he had watched his own graduate in journalism from the University of Western Ontario. Regaly's own alma mater, Monteith and his assistant, Peter O'Sullivan, advised their resignation. But there were not accepted. Worthington saw no reason why he should resign, although he had urged Ramsey to pursue the story. Perhaps Worthington felt amused up his own position just four days before the *Star's* descent in a column on the *Post* and Janet Cooke. As far as the *Post* is concerned, the back story with Janet Cooke. All the editors and the top editor are blameless and forgiven. Naturally. —IAN ANDERSON

Kable, McCleery: a lot longer and tricker than a dog's head across the tundra



Fallout spreads from Osirak

Israel's sortie against Iraq's nuclear program raises a storm of protest

By Marci McDonald

It was 8:30 p.m. on a scorching Sunday in Tehran, 30 km southeast of Baghdad, when French technician Jacques Hachmann snatched into a cab to order an after-work aperitif. Suddenly he saw four F-16s streak across the sky like scissor daggers, make two swift passes over the site marked ELECTRONIC INTERFERENCE by an Iranian highway sign and drop their ominous leaves over the almost completed concrete bulk he had vacated moments before Iraq's \$275-million, 70-megawatt Osirak nuclear reactor reactor. In the seconds that followed the scene



Osirak reactor before raid (top); F-16 whose delivery was held up (below); and Begin conferring with U.S. Gen. Michael Eitan

before his eyes crumpled to rubble, with repercussions that were to shake the world.

Not quite 26 hours later, as Israelis basked on the benches of Tel Aviv and Ashdod in the Shabbat first-day sun, the Voice of Israel crackled over their transistor radios with an announcement so startling that when station director Haimanuel Halperin first heard it he had telephoned his uncle, Prime Minister Menachem Begin, "to make sure it wasn't a hoax." Within minutes, as news of the dawned daylight Israeli air strike flashed to capitals around the globe, the phone rang on the desk of 43-year-old Montreal-born investigative journalist Robert Hutchison outside Geneva. "You're kidding," he said, sure that his caller was perpetrating a distractingly unfunny joke.

An Israeli air strike on the revolutionary French-built Osirak reactor, feared for its potential to produce an Islamic atomic bomb, was, after all, the

key blow to the pipeline of a "national" navy Hachmann was working on, based in part on an Iraqi nuclear physicist's disavowal of any plan. But for Hachmann there was no joy in the news realization that life had come to resemble art. "What's going to happen the next time?" he asked.

Belated, in the week since Begin sought to justify the world's first preventive nuclear air strike as an act of "supreme legitimate self-defense," it is just that dread which has clouded the cocktail of official condemnations and willed off-the-record signs of relief that has streamed out of capitals from Riyadh to Ottawa. As the 21-member Arab League hastily convened for an emergency session in Baghdad, few doubted an even more specific response from the brainless eyes of Iraqi strongman Saddam Hussein, whose billions of dollars of sophisticated Soviet hardware were feared to send up so much as a nervous flutter while Israeli pilots

gaily habbing in Arabic through at low levels more than 900 km wrought his auspicious under-Jordanian marches. In preparation for just such military or terrorist revenge, the sky over Jerusalem and Tel Aviv draped all week with Israeli defence patrols on special alert. The four starting bombers, with F-15 fighter escorts, were reported to have almost completely demolished the reactor, although the Israelis weren't releasing any of the photographs they have and the Iraqis were understandably cloistered about the extent of the damage.

When opposition Labor leader Yitzhak Peres put a grip on his bifurcated defiance over the raid, charging the government with opportunistic timing in trying to boost its hopes for the June 30 national elections, Begin was left to point out that he had waited until the reactor was operating, the attack would have risked spreading deadly radiation over the dense populace of

Baghdad. But as it was the strike still produced deadly fallout, not only did it embarrass Egypt's President Anwar Sadat just as the peace process was more beginning to take headway, and put both Paris and Washington's new pro-Israeli tilt to a severe test, leaving Israel more isolated than ever, it opened a Pandora's box of double-edged morality and dangerous precedents.

As New York Times columnist James Burnes puzzled, could Israel now justify its action to demolish the fortress of Kahuta, on the route between Islamabad and Kashmir, where Pakistan is believed to be on the brink of producing the first Islamic bomb? "Are we to see the same sort of rivalry between Brazil and Argentina, Black Africa and South Africa?" worried Marsha Melrose of Washington's Arms Control Association, who termed it a "strategic nightmare."

That fear was implicit in the extrajur-

isdictional session of the UN Security Council which met last weekend at Iraq's request. Although U.S. veto power preserved Israel from the Arab call for sanctions at the UN, the governing board of the International Atomic Energy Agency voted 20 to 2 to recommend that Israel be suspended. This is likely to be more inconvenient than damaging to Israel's nuclear program, but the economic sting for the assembly included such major states as Brazil, Britain and Chile. Only Canada and the U.S. supported Israel.

In Washington, President Ronald Reagan was doubly embarrassed. The raid came just as he was trying to convince moderate Arabs to rally in a strategic consensus against the Soviet Union, claiming the Israelis were no longer the bad guys. Instead, he feared himself personally stiffening the state department's representatives to Jerusalem and hastening to assure five Arab am-

bassadors, who had campaigned before a new pro-Israeli stand and against the 1973 sale of the Osirak to Iraq.

While denouncing the Israeli strike as "unacceptable" and a violation of international law, his government went out of its way to assure that Mitterrand had not changed plans to be the first French head of state to visit Jerusalem. But it is a nightmare which may fail to satisfy King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, who lunched with the president Saturday and who, along with Saddam Hussein, is France's major oil supplier. In fact, the day host of French goodwill toward the Arabs will be read as whether the country consents to rebuild the Osirak.

Ever since the mysterious bombing in April, 1959, of a French factory which made parts for the Iraqi reactor (believed to be the work of Mosad, the Israeli secret service), the French have been at two mends about continuing a



Israeli attack on Osirak last September (below left) and last week's meeting of the Arab League in Baghdad

boundaries ever in that the White House knew nothing of Begin's plan. The U.S. also withheld shipment of four F-16s to Israel, although the planes will almost certainly go there later. However, if the four American-supplied aircraft, which the U.S. supplied to Saudi Arabia, really did fail to pick up the Israeli trucks over northern Saudi airspace while they were fasting over the Persian Gulf, the Arabs can hardly feel reassured by Washington's promises of military support.

In Ottawa, an unconditional offer Adnan Chabibullah a peace-quest official discreetly urging the Israelis to vote Begin out of office—a reflection of Sadat's rage at having been made to look a fool by appearing to cozy with Begin at their Sharm-el-Sheikh summit just three days previous. In Paris, the aid couldn't have come at a more inconvenient time for President François Mitterrand.

bloodstained project that most nuclear experts agree seemed destined to produce an eventual bomb. In June, 1980, as Egyptian nuclear physicist working on the Iraqi reactor was murdered, equally mysteriously, in Paris, Marsha Melrose and since then French and Italian companies participating in the Osirak project have received threats to property or personnel. Even last September, when the Iranian air raid on the site was at first thought to be Israeli handwork, since denied, although some reports suggest that the Persian got the aerial maps for the assault from a former Israeli ambassador to Tehran.

Meanwhile, in Baghdad, an Iraqi nuclear physicist named Dr. Haiman al-Shabazz, believed to be the inspiration for Robert Hutchison's novel, was arrested at a demonstration in December, 1979, and sentenced to death for anti-government activity. Although the Iraqis authorized after the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, Shabazz, who worked for several years at F&I in chemical engineering from the



University of Toronto, Israel's been seen by his Canadian wife's sister, February, 1980, despite intervention by Amnesty International.

In the light of such a gross and tarnished history, it was no wonder the French were happy the ruse had "bought time" to study reconstructing Oursik. Indeed, conservative columnist William Safire contended that there was so much "smell" involved that Israel's nuclear Enrichment Unit was the worst of international education consisted "an egg of hypocrisy." Still, his argument left unanswered whether Israel might be equally justified in bombing a future reactor in Egypt, a nation which has maintained a nuclear agreement with the United States. Or whether Col. Moussmar Khadafi of Libya, could claim self-defence should he carry out his threat to destroy Israel's own nuclear installation at Dimona, in the Niger desert, where several bombs are already believed to be stockpiled.

In press conferences last week, Begin protested that Israel would sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (which Iraq had already done) only when peace was made in the Middle East. In a letter quickly dispatched to U.S. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim at the same time, he also reiterated his proposal for creating a nuclear-free zone. It is in the only volume which journalist-cum-analyst Hatchcock sees for world seniority after months of interviewing international nuclear scientists. "It can't be left to Israel," he says. "It's too volatile. The superpowers have got to impose some kind of de-nuclearization."

With film from Eric Silver in Jerusalem and William Souther in Washington.

An uneasy balance, a harder Irish line

Ireland's voters delivered a double whammy to Prime Minister Charles Haughey in last week's general elections. In sending two IRA prisoners to Belfast to share prison with the Dublin prisoner—the same prisoner—a prisoner candidate failed to garner a respectable 40,000 votes in all—they effectively torpedoed Haughey's attempts to achieve a political solution unless Britain's prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, relents on the "political status" issue, and they may have cost Haughey his seat for good.

As the results from the complicated proportional representation system slowly filter in it became clear that the new Dail (parliament) will be "hung." Haughey's Fianna Fail party will have at most 79 seats while the united opposition holding 81. The balance of

Poland

Kania holds on at the helm

His footwork was exceedingly fast. For a man thought, still only 49 years old, to be a ponderous politician. But when Stanislaw Kania faced off a sharp challenge to his leadership of the Polish Communist Party last week he realized he was winning a re-nupture rather than victory. It was not clear whether he had to tangle with a man who came only hours after Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev had designated him for failing to stem "counter-revolution." But he had registered directly by the Kremlin. What was certain, however, was that both Moscow and Kania's hard-line opponents in Warsaw were bound to meet fresh assaults on his moderate humanism in the party prepared for a congress on July 14 that seemed sure to put the seal to reformist Poland's social revolution.

The move to amend Kania's second while the Central Committee was meeting in emergency session to discuss a letter from Brezhnev containing unprecedented criticism of the Polish leadership's "policy of concessions and compromise." Solidarity was in "mortal danger" in Poland, said Brezhnev. Kania responded with a carefully worded statement promising to move in both "anti-socialist" forces in Poland and extremists in his own party. But he also pledged to carry on with reforms and was immediately wailed by hard-



Kania (above), and Gosciniak, Premier Kojuchewski (below) and Slawek Olchowicki (below) in a scene.



power will be held by a ruling of Independents, including the two presidents (who will not of course be able to take their seats). The latter pill for Haughey is that the two "independent" seats would probably have gone to him. The prisoners, Kieran Doherty—now in the 23rd day of a hunger strike—and Paddy Agnew, were both elected in border areas, where feelings ran high. Other implications: voters elected the new prime minister, whoever he is, will head a minority government and, with the prospect of more hunger strikes' deaths in July, may be forced into public support for the strikers' demands. Anglo-Irish relations will worsen and polarization in Ulster already at a 28-year low, will deepen further.

It was a bad result, domestically. Too. Most commentators agree the republic needs tough economic measures to reduce government borrowing and a trade deficit of some \$2 billion. But what president, with no majority and the prospect of another election soon, will turn him to that?" —BERNARD KESSELMAN



Election worker for Paddy Agnew, coalition in Dublin, problems for London

lines who said he had passed himself as a power to pull the country out of crisis. Tadeusz Gosciniak, a long-standing oppositionist who holds the nominal reins to the ruling politburo, bluntly declared that Kania's incoherence had caused party rule to crumble before the onslaughts of the Solidarity free-trade union and other reform-minded Poles.

In a bold gambit to quash the revolt, Kania demanded that the politburo's 11 members, including himself, put their heads on the block in a confidence vote. But after a startled silence, the committee's 141 members—most of them party hacks who cannot hope to win reelection at next month's congress—voted against the confidence motion, thereby backing Kania against the hard-liners. Then, late in the week, Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski dropped five members from his cabinet. Although he appealed for an end to anti-Soviet agitation in the country, the cabinet shuffle was seen as a sign of Solidarity.

Kania's coup and Jaruzelski's muted tones dashed Moscow's immediate hopes of encouraging the emergence of a party chief who would reverse the reform movement. But observers were persuaded that the Kremlin would follow up with other attempts to intimidate Poland's leadership during the countdown to the congress. There seem likely to include an emergency summit meeting of Warsaw pact leaders (it could be held soon in Bulgaria) and new maneuvers on the frontier. The Soviets don't appear set on immediate intervention, but they are clearly counting on discouraging Poles from straying too far from orthodoxy when they rewrite the rule book in July. —PETER LEWIS

Central America

A rough ride still to come

Then math-pollinated 50-minute horseback ride in the deep mountains of Costa Rica last week appeared to have led U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Mexico's President Jose Lopez Portillo into a policy quagmire. Reagan and Portillo confirmed that a U.S.-Mexico-Costa summit—first discussed three months ago during Reagan's visit to Ottawa—will take place before or during the North-South summit of 22 heads of state scheduled for October. The trilateral summit, they added, will include further discussion of a vague but ambitious aid scheme for Central and Central American development. However, the U.S. and Mexico disagree on practically all aspects of foreign policy in the region, including

who should receive the aid and what its purpose is. Canada, currently fence-sitting on such controversies as U.S. military aid to El Salvador and U.S. economic strangulation of "unfriendly" governments in Nicaragua and Cuba, may find it near impossible to stay neutral.

Reagan from the proposed aid scheme because his administration is under increasing international criticism for giving military support to Salvadoran, Guatemalan and Honduran government efforts against what the U.S. insists is Cuban-equipped terrorism.

Despite the criticism, Washington sticks by that line, but more and more, its war on communism is being complemented by less controversial economic weaponry, such as its suspension, last April, of aid worth \$18 million to Nicaragua or the U.S.-preferred version of the proposed Cien David scheme to develop economic aid.

The change of blades may be years in the making, but it is a sign of the war's last week Thomas Stiles, former ambassador to Canada, now nominated as assistant secretary of state for Inter-American Affairs, attacked Cuba again,

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Regan and Particio ride a mile



Nicaraguan militia training: a question of who should receive the aid

called for more strict policing of the U.S. economic blockade and added that a new propaganda weapon, "Radio Free Cuba," was under "serious consideration."

These measures are early reminders of a policy paper—rather startling one, from Canada's point of view—cooked up last year by the right-wing Council for Inter-American Security, which advised Reagan on foreign policy during his election campaign. The policy paper recommends launching a propaganda campaign—with specific reference to a Radio Free Cuba—"and, if propaganda fails, a war of attrition liberality against Castro." It also urges aggressive economic development of the Caribbean and Central America, with Canada "warmly encouraging" to "meet its responsibilities." The influence of the council should not be exaggerated. But one of the document's authors,

Roger Particio, is now on staff at the National Security Council. A second, Louis Tumbia, narrowly missed getting the assistant secretaryship currently reserved for Rumsfeld, and a third, Gerardo Sumner, is about to be named Enders' assistant.

How the Reagan administration's vision of the aid scheme will mesh with the other participants is a puzzle. Mexico, which maintains good relations with both Cuba and Nicaragua, has not weak that the aid should "help people, not fight communism." Mexican officials explained that Particio is coming on Tuesday to persuade Reagan that Mexico cannot be excluded simply because their political philosophies don't match Washington's.

Meanwhile, another Central American nation is also courting as Canada to play an ostensibly decisive role. This week, Nicaragua's first-ever ambassador to Canada, Francisco Pineda,

Novarro, presents his credentials in Ottawa. Pineda is something of a big gun—former vice-minister of external affairs in the Sandinista government. His successor there, the intense, bearded 29-year-old Victor Talamo, says "We are hoping that Canada will play a key role in shaping Nicaragua's case to the U.S."

In addition, Nicaragua, never a major recipient of official Canadian aid, wants more. The number of nongovernmental agencies active in Nicaragua—Oxfam, Christian, etc.—has increased tenfold since the overthrow of military dictator Anastasio Somoza. As Nicaragua struggles to reconstruct—drinking Managua, still in ruins from the 1972 earthquake, looks like a candle with step signs—expectations of Canadian aid run high. And with hands tagging not only from Managua but also from Miami City and Washington, Canada's foreign policy balancing act promises to be a riveting spectacle in the months ahead.

—VAL HOGAN

U.S.A.

An odds-on motive for murder

Roger Wheeler's life was rated by numbers. And so, police believe, was his death

By Michael Posner

On the practice tee, across a Tulsa, Okla., innkeeper's driveway, each of them—were leaning in correct fashion. A golf cart, occupied against the sun, wheels silently down the lush green fairway and stops, depositing a solitary figure clad in white. A dull splash rises from the swimming pool. From the pro shop, bright with chrome, one can watch the Cadillac and Lincoln race and go. Outside, an unmistakable sound: the patrician tread of golf shoes on asphalt. This is Southern Hills Country Club, sheltered preserve of Oklahoma's gentry.

On the afternoon of May 27, at approximately 4:30 p.m., Roger Wheeler, 55, chairman of Tulsa Corp., finished his weekly round of golf. He sat 88. Intending to return to his office, he showed quickly, dressed, strode through the parking lot to his car, opened the door and climbed in. A man approached, drew a revolver and shot Wheeler once in the face. Just weeks Tulsa police were still looking for the weapon, the motive and the killer.

Of his kind, Roger Wheeler was not, perhaps, the prototype but the classic firm an aggressive, hard-nosed, shrewd and driven entrepreneur, was an instinct for making deals. He made them constantly, as other people are into sales or general business. Wheeler was into money. Like Gates, he was never quite still. Oil, gas, real estate, computers, jet air, refrigerators. The products were numerous, it was the profit that counted. Getting and spending, his life was defined by numbers. In his office or general business, Wheeler was into money. Like Gates, he was never quite still. Oil, gas, real estate, computers, jet air, refrigerators. The products were numerous, it was the profit that counted. Getting and spending, his life was defined by numbers. Said a friend who was not surprised by the murder: "He just stood up the wrong way."

In his office in Tulsa's police court building, chief of detective Maj. Stanley Glum in chain-smoking Marlboro



Jai and tournament (top) action closeup (far right), Wheeler (center) and the car in which he was shot (bottom center)

Two days earlier, Tulsa Corp. had announced a \$100,000 (U.S.) reward for information leading to conviction, and Glum, head of a 15-man investigation task force, is monitoring the calls. A crude drawing has been sketched on a wall blackboard depicting the Southern Hills parking lot, Wheeler's car and the one that drove the killer away, a late model Ford LTD with Oklahoma's plates. Police illustrations of the killer and his driver—sculptures he facing him on the desk two white males, both in their late thirties, both wearing sunglasses.

"The license tag is probably not lost for now," Glum says, drawing tightly on the cigarette. One witness was able to recall five of the six digits on the plate, and the task force has been poring through vehicle registrations trying to trace the ownership. "I don't suppose we're likely to find the weapon."

The motive, too, remains elusive. Although Glum appears to rule out robbery, no money appears to have been taken from the body. Similarly, police still contend Wheeler may have been shot in a kidnapping attempt. Oklahoma has a history of such cases. But by the most avid speculation has fo-

cused on Roger Wheeler's ownership of the Miami-based World Jai Alai Inc., a victim of three financial (artificial) with pari-mutuel betting which last year netted about \$25 million. That sort of quick and easy profit tends to capture the attention of organized crime, and it is the view of many that Wheeler's style—born, shrewd character, not him eventually on a million course with the underworld.

That view has been fuelled by reports of live cartridges found on Wheeler's body—a signature of the crime, by the unassuming late practices of Boston's First National Bank, which financed Wheeler's \$50-million purchase of World Jai Alai Inc. in 1978, and by his recently formed partnership with owners of three Miami day-tracks, to set up summer jet air. A shareholder as one of the tracks is Jack Cooper, an associate of reputed underworld financier would Henry Lowmy. In 1982, Cooper registered to export profits of \$500,000 on the sale of weapons to former Dominican Republic strong man Rafael Trujillo.

A devout, church-going Presbyterian who regularly attended Bible study sessions with other Tulsa businessmen,

Wheeler is said to have had ethical reservations about his connections with gambling and was reportedly willing, if not actively seeking, to sell his jai alai interests. "Go all the gambling I need to be in the business," Wheeler said last year in one of only three interviews granted since the mid-1970s. "The business" meant not only Tulsa, of which he owned 10-45 per cent, but dozens of other companies, some dormant, through which Wheeler channelled money, when to escape the Internal Revenue Service. Conversely, says Glum, it was conflict in one of these activities that led to his murder.

Glum hopes the reward offer will yield some useful leads, but he is not optimistic. "If you hired two guys to kill somebody," he asks, "and then \$100,000 was offered for information, what would you do?" The answer is obvious to him. "You'd get rid of the killers, wouldn't you? Before they were found and could terminate you?" The combined intelligence of the Tulsa task force, the Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation, the FBI and three private detectives retained last week by Tulsa is now directed at finding the assassin before their employer dies.

Don't drink the water

By Jane O'Hara

On a one-hundred stretch of road that runs as straight as a plumb line through the heart of southwestern Ontario's Huron Township, seven families in seven white frame houses don't drink the water.

Last summer, the water, which was as pure as a two-year-old's conscience when Charlie Jacobs started drinking from it in 1916, began smelling ominous. When his neighbor, Nellie Knauschen, discovered some water was flat, it felt like she'd swum from her throat to her stomach. When she washed her face with the water, it took the skin off her eyelids. Her son got rashes from it. Her husband blames his kidney problems on it. Last year I was walking around half dead because of it," says Nellie. "And when the government came to test it they said it was tolerable. I'd like to know tolerable to whom?"

At 75, Charlie Jacobs is not a man to jump to conclusions but, coming from an age when it was as wrong to spoil a man's well as to steal his cattle, he doesn't mind pointing a finger. This time it points to a hazardous-looking gravelly hill about 2,300 metres from Jacobs' back steps, a topographical aberration in the landscape which otherwise looks like a suburb. The hill wasn't there when Jacobs' father started farming in what is known as the Golden Acres. The land was bought in the '60s and since then has become a chemical dumpsite for all kinds of industrial waste. Some of the wastes, such as known carcinogens benzene and toluene (both industrial solvents), have percolated through the soil and into the aquifer—underground layers of rock, sand or gravel that hold water and feed the wells (see chart page 27). In 1977, Jacobs first thought the water might be leaking poison when a sewage ditch started filling with an orange oily liquid. "It killed everything in the ditch," recalls Jacobs. "I was jumping to get out of it." Jacobs' wife, Fern, now lives in a house nearby in Blenheim. "After 50 years on a farm, you get used

to natural disasters," she says. "It's neither nature. But that thing is man-made. I figure if God had wanted a poison here, he'd have put it there."

Unlike the Jacobses, most Canadians do not have open-seam dump sites in their backyards to remind them of how

Winnipeg, says "These things won't knock you dead. But they could produce genetic effects when you're exposed for 50 years." Adds Professor John Lee, an epidemiologist at the University of Ottawa: "We have no scientific proof that what is getting into our drinking water is harmful. We have our doubts, but perhaps the best we can say is that... something nasty is happening."

Increasingly, Canadians are losing their full-bodied complacency about the safety of their drinking water. They worry it is partially reflected in Canada's growing bottled water industry (see box, page 30), which last year recorded a 38-per-cent increase in sales as more and more people began leaving their taps turned off. And here are some reasons why.

• In the British Columbia communities of Ashcroft and Savona, which sit downstream from Kamloops on the Thompson River, tourists have been fleeing that with sobering speed. For the past 16 years, Weyerhaeuser Canada Ltd.'s pulp mill has been discharging into the river a brown liquor laced with phosphorus. The phosphorus has recently shown up in the drinking water along with other industrial chemicals. "Most people have gardens in their homes," says Ron Delag, a Stevens resident and secretary of the Save the Thompson River Committee. "I guess those who can afford it drink Perrier."

• In Regina, Saskatchewan Ecology Alliance member Jim Harding—like W.C. Fielder—won't "touch the stuff" because of the leachery chemical called algae which grows in Buffalo Pound Lake, from which the water is drawn. But that, perhaps, is the least of Regina's drinking water problems. Other dangers focus on the aquifer that supplies half of the city's water. The aquifer is in danger of contamination from a 1976 PCB spill and from the threat of chemical runoff from a landfill site built on top of it.

• Provincial officials who tested Ontario's St. Clair River, which runs through what is worryingly known as Chemical Valley, found 37 chemicals in the drink-

ing water as far as 165 km away at Windsor. After sheepishly admitting they "don't know what it means," they added the caveat that people in the vicinity of Canada's largest concentration of petrochemical plants would be "prudent" to avoid drinking the water.

• In Hamletville, N.S., a bedroom community outside Halifax, residents were recently given a preliminary order to stop drinking the water when 60 of 56 wells were discovered to be contaminated with uranium. Pathology resident Dr. Michael Moss allowed that uranium poisoning would damage kidneys, but couldn't say much else, except, "We are especially concerned about its little nephew in the area has been found."

• In Quebec, the townships of L'Épiphanie, 35 km northeast of Montreal on L'Assomption River—one of its rarely polluted rivers in Quebec—were recently given an alternate water system after months of putting up with water that smelled of hot exhaust. The federal government ordered them to stop using the water and have had one big problem in the area \$10,000 for dumping agricultural pollutants in the river. Quebec Environment Minister Marcel Lévesque has called the disposal of liquid hog manure "a grave problem which appears to have no solution."

• Recently, Quebecers were further discouraged to learn from the man in charge of setting up new sewage treatment systems that in some parts of the province water is so polluted requiring filtration plants just sufficient get it clean enough. If that wasn't sufficient cause for concern, Quebec has also added to the "toxicité debate," ruling for a moratorium on the asbestos, which has been linked to cancer in various American studies. Despite warnings from Pierre Morin, co-author of a Quebec Health report that "Canadian are absorbing disturbing quantities of asbestos," Toronto recently announced it planned to tap the asbestos in water by 20 percent.

• Last summer, mercury levels at the Toronto Islands water filtration plant were the highest ever tested by Ontario's environment ministry. Inquiries at 36 points per billion (ppb), despite federal drinking water guideline

objectives of 2 ppb, Toronto officials said the water was perfectly safe.

In case after case across the country, more is being discovered about the inefficiency, primitive processes of contamination in the drinking water, provoking many Canadians to ask the question "Is the water safe to drink?" Canadian water quality experts hesitate to sound alarms about the fitness of drinking water but the fact remains that, more the good-evil chemical brew, lead-related specialists have released about 50,000 new chemicals into the marketplace. Many of the chemicals have been identified in sufficient concentration in North

American water supplies to be considered toxic (ie. poisonous). Throughout Canada, despite cleanup attempts, rivers run with pollution from agricultural pesticides, heavy metals (such as cadmium, lead, zinc) and municipal sewage in Manitoba, the Red River, which was once synonymous with a healthy breakfast, is now compared unfavorably to a toilet bowl by local critics. The Great Lakes, which are annually contaminated by more than 18 billion tonnes of industrial waste, are known to be little more than holding tanks for toxic substances. To date, almost 600 chemicals (many of them known carcinogens such as PCBs and BFRs) have been identified, making the Lakes a chemical lock step. To believe that so pure a product as drinking water could be spoiled from so impure a source may be nothing short of wishful thinking. That is especially true considering Canada's antiquated water treatment methods—methods that were designed more than 40 years ago to combat such waterborne bacterial diseases as typhoid and diphtheria but which are virtually worthless in removing out the modern chemical threat.

But while federal and provincial health officials no longer view drinking water as a substance above suspicion, the fact remains that research into toxicity is still in its infancy and, with a few exceptions, scientists are unsure of what chemicals, at what levels, can be



Charlie and Nellie Jacobs and two grandchildren

The purity of drinking water can no longer be taken for granted

chemical contaminants get into their drinking water. But across this country—which city boasts none per cent of the world's fresh water—they are there. Ontario's Georgian Trunkline, for the most part. Often they are present only in parts per billion. Toxic, in some cases. Carcinogenic, in others. Nitrogen and nitrates to form new chemical cocktails that are as yet unnamed and beneath detection by the most hair-trigger of water-testing apparatuses. Of the health threat these pose to the public, William Strickland, a chemist with the National Water Research Institute in

to kill off the highly toxic blue-green algae which grows in Buffalo Pound Lake, from which the water is drawn. But that, perhaps, is the least of Regina's drinking water problems. Other dangers focus on the aquifer that supplies half of the city's water. The aquifer is in danger of contamination from a 1976 PCB spill and from the threat of chemical runoff from a landfill site built on top of it.

• Provincial officials who tested Ontario's St. Clair River, which runs through what is worryingly known as Chemical Valley, found 37 chemicals in the drink-



Handling getting clean water: 13 km from home (top), liquid waste of unknown content sits in the Regine sanitary landfill; 'something nasty'



life-threatening to humans. Why this surprising lack of knowledge? As with most things, it's a matter of economics. First, it costs too much money just to test water for chemicals—an estimated \$50,000 for a single series of tests. Second, \$500,000 equipment—which is why most drinking water, even in major cities, is tested for chemicals only once a year. Second, the cost of researching a single new chemical for its health effects is anywhere from \$100,000 to \$1 million. A final frustration is that the erratic action of many chemicals—that

in, they may show little effect on laboratory tests, but prove toxic to humans, as in the case of thalidomide. As well, we know chemical may prove to be indirectly more virulent when in combination with other chemicals, or, on the other hand, certain chemicals can mask the toxic effects of other chemicals. Perhaps most troubling of all is that some substances such as arsenic and mercury are known to accumulate in fatty tissues of the body, starting out in amounts hardly detectable but rapidly multiplying to cause serious health problems. At best, research seems to be a scientific guessing game but, according to William Warwick, a specialist at the National Water Research Institute, the hazards should not be minimized: "It is very dangerous to assume that small concentrations of toxic chemicals are insignificant."

The federal department of health and welfare is currently examining a number of possible problem areas. One study will examine whether dioxin, which was considered culpable for an "epidemic" of hernia gull stillbirths around Ontario's Prince Edward County region in the '70s, could also have seeped into the drinking water and have caused human birth defects. Other prospective studies now under way are looking at a more common foe—the much-feared chlorine, which is used to purify surface water in all of Canada, except parts of Quebec which use ozone to purify their water. Chlorine, a highly reactive substance, can produce

chlorinated, which is widely used in European water systems, is a preservative that causes a form of angina in fish bacteria and chlorine odor and taste problems in water. As well, it has the ability to combine or break down with many organic chemicals into harmful byproducts.

Lewis with daughter hillys outdoor climbing up the polluted Lake Canal area

trihalomethanes (THMs), such as the suspected carcinogen chloroform, when it combines with other organic substances in drinking water. The problem is further enabled by differing levels of what levels of THMs are harmful. For example, the federal government has deemed it safe to have as many as 200 p.p.b. of THMs in the drinking water, whereas the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency has recently stated that upper limits should not exceed 100 p.p.b. In an attempt to sort the whole mess out, federal scientists, using water samples from 70 cities across the country, are looking for links between chlorinated water and cancer mortality rates and testing to see whether chlorinated water contains mutagens which can react in body tissues to cause genetic damage. "Twenty years ago we never would have thought chlorine would be a problem," says Dr. Donald Wigle, head of Health and Welfare's noncommunicable disease section. "But anything that is reactive enough to kill bacteria can do other things too."



Here protesting signs found near Nova Scotia's lower ranges of public debris

len," says Dr. Donald Wigle, head of Health and Welfare's noncommunicable disease section. "But anything that is reactive enough to kill bacteria can do other things too."

It's a log cabin that sits on a rock ledge at the end of a long road amid the maple and poplar and ponderosa pines of Nanaimo, B.C., economist Jay Lewis surveys the sparkling water of Okanagan Lake. It was this lake and the thought of its premature deaths that four years ago prompted Lewis to join the ranks of an increasing number of Canadians who are becoming militant about their water—and prepping the movement into taking better care of it. At the time, Lewis, now a member of the South Okanagan Environmental Coalition, didn't know terror from cop, but he learned fast. "Most people get reluctantly dragged into this when their own drinking water threatens," says Lewis, who wants to ensure that his two-year-old daughter's right to uncontaminated drinking water is secure. The battle that Lewis fought and eventually won was to keep the controversial pesticides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T—both dioxin derivatives known to cause birth defects in humans—out of Okanagan Lake, where they had been used to kill noxious weeds in the process. Lewis also authored a book, *The Other Face of 2,4-D*, which has become the little red book of environmentalists. "We know that pesticides do strange, strange things when used continually," says Lewis. "They do not degrade as much as they would in the open air and sunlight. They tend to turn water bodies into chemical sinks."

At present, there are about 50 groups in Canada—15 in Ontario alone—that are fighting an ecological guerrilla war to keep their water resources pure. Like

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Children playing in Regina's Buffalo Pound Lake amid blue-green algae

Harwell Township's Lillian Tomes, who keeps her Claw (Ontario) Reeling Against Waste) bin next to the rabbit cage in her home, next operate a brand of kitchen-table diplomacy. Using small family and active enterprises, they demand that health officials test their water for chemicals and heavy metals, do health surveys and close up any dumps that might be leaching chemicals into their drinking water. Almost without exception, they have taken as their primary what many consider to be North America's environmental apocryph: the Love Canal in Niagara Falls, N.Y. Almost all have read *Nagging Waste: The Poisoning of America by Toxic Chemicals*, a 344-page book by reporter Michael Down, which not only chronicles what happened at the Love Canal but predicts that there are many secrets yet to come.

The town of Waukegan-Gouldville, 55 km northeast of Toronto, is one such that Fritz Sembray, chairperson of town (Revere) Day Waste Reclamation, is hoping will stay unscathed. Since 1974, Sembray has been lobbying municipal and provincial officials to close down a landfill site that sits 15 metres above the aquifer that supplies the town's wells. In the late 1980s, millions of litres of liquid industrial waste were surreptitiously taken to the dump by deal of night, giving off fumes that Keith Hutchinson, who lives just 90 metres from it, remembers "were so bad we had to shut the windows." Tons of waste with toxic heavy metals and traces of highly toxic phenols, chlorides and heavy metals, evidence that chemicals have been leaching from the dump and into the water supply. But a more disturbing finding was that in talking with a 25-member local women's group, Sembray learned that of five who had been recently pregnant, four had miscarriages, the other gave birth to a child without a throat. This discovery

prompted a door-to-door health survey by residents which turned up a 25-per-cent miscarriage rate. Chemicals nonetheless insist the water is safe.

For all this diversity, the groups share a common feeling—frustration. It comes from many sources, from neighbors who fear that any unsanitary habits about the water is very land values to towns council members who either might want to turn away. But the frustration is fuelled mainly by governments which seem to consider most complaints as nagging paranoias. As a result, the frustration is quickly turning into a suspicion that government may not be acting in the best interests of the people. In some cases, this suspicion is justified. In Saskatoon, for example, millions of litres of poisonous chemicals and herbicides were injected at high pressures into a 520-metre-deep disposal well over a 14-year period from 1965, despite a



Markon of a polluted well in Nova Scotia delivers results and refuses to let technicians looking for gold in water



Circumventing the kitchen tap

Five years ago, anyone who so-tooled paid for drinking water, when it was freely available right there in the tap, was considered a trendy, extravagant or European. But today, as studies continue to raise questions about the safety of drinking water, habits are changing. Surfacing to meet the veritable Niagara of concern is the bottled water industry which last year did a \$25-billion business in Canada—and almost \$400 million in the U.S. Once relegated to the back shelves of health food stores, bottled water is in many manifestations—spring water, sparkling water, still, soft, mineral and mineral water—in even flowing for space on major supermarket shelves.

In Quebec, Alta, Paul Alldredge joined the growing number of bottled water entrepreneurs last January when he began cranking water from a Pigeon Hills spring 65 km south of Calgary. At 66 cents a litre, Montana Pure Spring Water will earn its owner \$2.5 million this year, somewhat less than the top Canadian bottled water, Montclair, with \$4.5 million in sales last year,

1978 report which acknowledged that the well could leak and cause "widespread irreversible contamination of groundwater." Not only was the well used for four years after that warning, but the report itself was only made public when a local reporter found it in the provincial government's files.

From Operation Clean at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., the story is much the same. There, the 680-member group is fighting to prevent RSC Chemical Services Inc. from discharging its effluent into the Niagara River, which already is little more than a culch for refuse from upstairs New York. "We know we aren't a priority with the Bill Davis government," says Margaret Howe, from her farm-of-the-century home where she runs Operation Clean. "All they want to know is how they can get rid of as many people as they can." John Hartman of Waverley, N.S., echoes those sentiments but his, at least, is a story with a happy ending. Five years ago, Hartman was at death's door with asbestosis poisoning from his well. The arsenic (from gold mine tailings) had made his skin grey prematurely grey and had caused his skin to darken. After a five-year crusade, however, Hartman has succeeded in getting the provincial government to agree to a new \$3.5-million water supply for the 368 families of the area. Although the first level of arsenic still affects more than 500 Nova Scotia communities, says Hartman of his battle "All you can do is

but until only slightly less incentive than for drilling for oil.

Bottled water, however, is not always proof positive against problems. In Halifax three years ago, residents who had turned to bottled spring water when their tap water was deemed "unsafe for human consumption" were shocked to learn that the spring water was also contaminated. A 1980 Consumer Report study, which tested 31 brands of bottled water, revealed high sodium levels—bad news for people with hypertension—in certain products. One type,

Bottled water, a \$25-billion business



seems and better and make a big political name."

To be fair, most provincial governments are as confounded by the problem as the general public is ignorant of them. After all, it is only in the past two years that the problems of infinitesimal toxic waste dumping has reached even the lower fringe of public debate. It is also true, however, that with environmental issues taking a backseat to economic growth these days, the last provincial cabinets have about ecological problems the better they like it. Says one former water tester for the Ontario environment ministry: "Anyone who continually makes a habit of finding new problems seems to me to have his career path blocked." At the Alberta environment ministry, the department's hydrogeological team is struggling merely to keep its sites for industrial pollutants. The federal gov-

Casco Mineral Water, contained 297 mg per 250-ml glass, about as much as a hamburger with the works.

Boiling bottled water may be the easiest way of circumventing the tap, but kitchen-counter distillers and a water treatment process called "activated carbon filtration" are alternate methods. Canada's largest distributor of distillers, Pure Water Canada, last year did a \$1-million trade in water purifying machines—price range between \$400 and \$2,000—selling to people such as Gerda Alfie Stefanski, an Edmonton house-

Nutritionist with home distiller



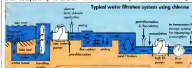
"We haven't begun to see whether the tap water is causing trouble," said Stefanski, head of solid waste management. "But many of them are open and uncontrolled, some affecting both ground and surface water." As well, Alberta, like the rest of the province, has lax laws regulating and preventing the dumping of toxic substances. Often the biggest offender is the oil industry, with toxic wastes from the slits ending up illegally dumped into community dumps or in a roadside ditch—a phenomenon known as "mudguts dumping."

Certain usual steps have been taken to clean up the mess, however. In Ontario, former environment minister Harry Parnet—who has been consistently under fire from environmentalists—earlier this year formed a "cleanse" unit and up his water in his efforts to investigate and get tough with industrial polluters. The federal gov-

ernment, too, is taking steps to ensure that many of the once luxuriously dumped contaminants no longer end up in water supplies. At present, it is setting up the Toxic Chemicals Management Centre and regulations on transporting hazardous wastes are pending. In essence, these will ensure that waste material is traced from the source to the dump site, with incinerators responsible for up to \$20,000. Still, the system will not be foolproof. "You'll continue to get companies which put the plug in the sewer at night and dump the stuff right into the nearest river," says Rick Pafford of Environment Canada.

As legislators, laboratories and lobbyists take separate tracks toward a solution, there are still people who must live with the problem. Among them is Charlie Jacobs, who never guessed he would end up taking water in his old age. But Jacobs worries not so much for himself as for his two grandchildren, Doreen, 8, and Debbie, 5, who may never again taste the water from the well that his father dug. For they, along with their parents, Diane and Don Jacobs, will no longer drink the water. "The province says there's no problem," says Diane Jacobs. "But how can you believe them when even they don't know what's coming out of the tap?"

With Jim from Nova Scotia, Michael Chaplin, Peter Corbett-Gibson, Suzanne Fraser and Peter van Stralovsky.



Although today's competitors can produce symphonic sound, they are unlikely ever to approach the big-band swing directed by **Bill (Count) Basie**. Since the mid-'50s, when the Basie orchestra toured out of Kansas City, the road has been hard for the pianist and his 15-piece band. Recently, Basie has been suffering from arthritis and heart trouble, which have forced him to travel around the stage in a golf cart complete with a horn he uses to greet the audience. At 78, Basie is reluctant to retire from his position as jazz's best-loved big-band leader, but in spending more time at his Rahmway retreat where he is working on his memoirs. According to Basie, his life story will deal "damn straight" with such subjects as racism and early record-company myths. However, he plans to omit a possible row in the title "I don't know, maybe I'll call it simply *CB*."

Where else could you watch a steady stream of Mercedes being stolen, a uniformed Maatze on duty and his car being hit as a bench party of self-named Canadians from the Los Angeles film industry? The performers on hand, the Maatze strictly central casting, so real to dispense Canadian flag pins at **Harman and Dale Jewett's** second annual "Canadian Day." The back was held last week, just before the Jewettson traded their ocean view for summer at their farm near Caladen, Ont. Out about 100,000-card-carrying Canadians dressed by director-producer **James Malibu** house to remember by selling old CBC stories. **Adrian Michael**, **Beverly**, **Heide Shaver** and **John Varian**, comedian **Nick Little**, producers **Steve Danilek** and **John Karmay** and Canadian General **Amir Mait** were among those who popped the hard-back California air with **Charlie Partridge** as a "ch" and "hoof" and displayed that unmistakably Canadiana characteristics, hockey madness.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has never been known for its fast-paced daytime makeups, but last week's changes made up for years of hampering. First, **Bethune** from announced she she had ended 10 years at CBC radio's *At It Happens* with a move to a last spot at *The Journal*, the weekly current affairs program that September (see story, page 19). In her wake, the well-known affairs department will make a massive reorganization with *At It Happens* and *Steady Morning* operations being combined in one office under former *At It Happens* producer **Robert Campbell**. With the suggestion of *Steady*



Basie will deal 'damn straight'

Morning's husband-and-wife co-hosts **Beverly Devereaux** and **Patrick Martin**, and **Frank** goes, three top-of-the-air positions are open. There were almost four, but **Morag's** last, **Don Horne**, who threatened to quit last month, has apparently been placed by the replacement of the show's executive producer, **Gary Michael Dault**.

U.S. General **Michael Carpenter** has had his share of cold weather during his three-year stint in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and northwestern Ontario. So it seemed appropriate to visit him at a surprise stopover any party in Winnipeg last week, arranged by *Manitoba Business* magazine publishers **David Richardson** and **Richard Munro**. Carpenter will be spending winter at Princeton University in New Jersey for what **Reggie Laver** **Tom Marshall** called a "penning and a course in *Engagement*," adding that Carpenter had "everything needed to go to the top, including a photograph of Ronald Reagan wearing his party hat." The popular consul must have something to improve the Winnipeg picture. When he applied for "the golden job" in the American diplomatic circuit, he only had to contend with "a handful" of other applicants. His successor, **Lillian Patricia Mullin**, had to compete with 41.

Months ago waits on forever but **Asahiara** **Pearl** will not run. The three-year old thoroughbred filly, given to **Queen Elizabeth** as a silver jubilee gift by the Australian people last year, has proven to be a royal embarrassment. Since her dismal last-place finish at Lingfield, Surrey, last October,

the hapless horse has been ridden by the Queen's racing manager, **Laurie Pennington**. "It's very sad for the Australian," said Pennington recently from the royal stables at Bghams, Hampshire, "but I am afraid the situation is that the animal has no ability and no prospects." Instead of carrying Her Majesty's colors, she now wears, as planned, the horse them decorations. Perhaps the not-so-did filly will serve as a reliable mount for **Prince Charles** on future royal visits to Australia.

In his latest book, **Patton's Gap**, Canadian author **Michael Fagan** presents an admiring portrait of controversial U.S. Gen. **George Patton**, whom he periodically describes as "his co-



Patton's desire how to stop

tremely emotional, shallow, charismatic" leader. Nevertheless, **Roberts** says he is more interested in writing about the global "chess game" than "representing any particular body of characters." Patton's Gap is an autobiographical account of the *Patton Gap* engagement—it is set against the backdrop of Canada's worldwide collaboration in the Second World War. Explains **Roberts**: "It's imperative for Canadians to understand that we're part of an international community. We've just about reached the limit with the number of friends we can put up along the 60th parallel."



Neil Olfendick, Pine and Doreen

Shakespeare is in head-bangers' unit, attack, hurt and get crushed—in some time

"Head-bangers are kids who listen to heavy metal music. At a concert, they all jump about shaking their heads as though they want to crack their skulls open," says **Devon Dault**, 33, who has experienced the head-banging phenomenon in England as the drummer for **Grincheux**, an all-female heavy metal quartet. The month, sister-head-bangers from Montreal to Vancouver will have a chance to crack their craniums to **Grincheux's** sleighbanger

Doreen: find up with friends



music during an eight-city tour. Doreen and cohorts **Kim McArthur**, **Kelly Jones** and **David Williams** think women should be playing the music that has dominated **Ted Nappert**. **Grincheux** turned down a management offer from former British prime minister **Harold Macmillan's** daughter **Rebecca**, because of her ineptness in the ways of the street. "Ride tight and get crushed at our concerts sometimes," explains Doreen.

At 31, **Pine Doreen** looks like a teen. At 70, the former British Empire light, heavyweight champion's eyelids are pulled so badly from his 34 years in the ring that he has finally decided to have corrective surgery this fall. Another thing he has decided to do is to go to Princeton from his home in Baine, Anne, N.B., and ask **President Richard** **Hebert** to find him a job coaching boxing. "I like to work," says the fighter-turned-forist ringer than beer salesman who is fed up with his present life as a fisherman. "My boat's been in the water for 10 months," he says, "and I haven't made a dime. I've done as much for my country and I am the only guy who can get **Harfield** and the Opposition leader together for a picture." With "nothing to do and lots to say," Doreen told his life story recently in *The Fighting Fisherman*, but chafes. "There's some truth in the book but it's only a part of what you heard. I had some fun, I couldn't tell the whole truth."

After six years of agonizing over a nagging pain in her neck and back, **journalist Julia Pine** decided to lobby for better back treatment and preventive care. With three prominent advisors—**Harvey Karpman**, former minister of defense, **Betty Olfendick**, artistic director of the National Ballet School, and orthopedic surgeon **Harold Pine**, Pine set up the Back Association of Canada (BAC) to help 30 million Canadians who are suffering with repetitive strain. "People are always saying that back pain is in our heads," says Pine. "The fact is that badly designed theatre seats and restaurant chairs leave us fighting." Some 400-odd hackers plan to blanket Canadian schools with information on back care, and research a booklet on furniture design promoting hard chair seats and firm mattresses.

William Shakespeare's reflexions **Grincheux**, the Jewish money-maker in *The Merchant of Venice*, and **Pine**, the only old Jew in *Chicago*, **Oliver** **Turner**, are at the centre of a controversy that has Ottawa's **Ordinary** Board of Education and a group of concerned citizens at odds. The board is examining *The Merchant*, which is currently on the curriculum for Grade 9 students, and **Oliver** for what the group charges is anti-Semitic content. **Aviva Freedman**, a **Carleton University** English professor, told the board, "Some kids at the Grade 9 level can't hear beyond stereotypes, and for the Jewish children in the classroom it can be a very painful experience." **Wendy Corrie**, a representative of the secondary school English teachers, feels the issue is mainly emotional. "We respected the people who presented their concerns," says Corrie, "but we don't think that they know what's going on. We are standing by our concern." The matter should be resolved later this month when the board either accepts **Freedman's** proposal that the lesson be taught at a more senior level or decides that the play was much about nothing.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

The East, too, will come to pass

After suffering years of western bombardment the East takes to the air

By Trent Frayne

First, a souples of history. It was not a very good year for eastern football in 1988, not a vintage to be missed. Three of the four pro teams—the Alouettes, the Argonauts and the Rough Riders—played to 120,010 fewer patrons in their home parks than they did in 1979. Hamilton's Tiger-Cats fared only enough in the late stages to become a Grey Cup contender—if, of course, not too strong a word for the empty seats. On the other hand, the Edmonton Eskimos—and that encouraged home attendance to improve by 16,022. Still, since the previous year's gate was nearly 30,000 below the 1979 figure, the gate wasn't all that significant.

So much for the empty seats. On the field, eastern credibility was mixed again. In the usual 20 interlocking games between teams of the two divisions, eastern mercenaries won only seven times. This was, however, no new development. The East has been losing in these interdivisional engagements for the past half-dozen years—eight wins and 12 losses in 1977, a mere six wins in 1978, seven in '79. Indeed, the only time the East held any advantage was in 1976 when the West was lashed 18 games to nine, without tie.

Enough of history. The interesting thing is that in corralling four new quarterbacks to ignore their staid old fates and agreeing to a full-season schedule that doubles the number of East-West games, the East's deepest thinkers are making a bold effort as this new season approaches not just to win back disgruntled patrons but actually to keep them awake.

An everybody knows, money derelicted the relations of the Rough Riders and the Argonauts and the Tiger-Cats and the same comorbidity to get back. Tom Clements and, when Ottawa declined to move up with sufficient funding to satisfy Carleton Place, the Argonauts acquired the spectacular (and single) quarterback. All of these people can throw the ball over the grandstand.

The western influence was everywhere in the transactions, everywhere but Ottawa, just as in real life. While the Rough Riders acquired the spectacular (and single) quarterback, the Argonauts acquired the spectacular (and single) quarterback. All of these people can throw the ball over the grandstand.

most unknown. Tom, Jordan Cass. Last summer he embarked upon an extraordinary rookie season in the remaining 11 games. Big and strong and willing, Cass completed 13 passes in 107 throws, which is a gratifyingly slight. One night, playing Montreal, he was a perfect 14 for 14 and missed the record book only because he didn't pitch a necessary 30 passes to qualify. This guy was so good you'd have thought he was a veteran.

For it's out there in the ball, the football, where the past hangs, where



the fans get to see the football, where the throwers have no competition about tamping the ball across the goal line. Eastern quarterbacks have resisted this facet of the game, not entirely but stubbornly. They can all pass, the stats show, but something comes over them when it's into the end zone. Take a man like Joe Barnes. Joe undertook his 11th season with the Alouettes last year, and after five games he was shipped off to Rogers where he played one more. In Montreal he didn't throw a solitary touchdown pass. But out there he unfolded right.

Out there, everybody throws touchdown passes and what else does it make the fans wiggle their toes and enjoy

themselves and come back again. In Winnipeg there's Dieter Brock, whose arm is constructed of tough Malaysian gatta-percha, who threw 28 touchdown passes last season. He also threw 505 passes, more even than the combined output of Warren Moon and Tom Wilkerson, the perfect duo of pun-kappa! Edmonton's Stumpy Ken Johnson made 22 throws for touchdowns and the aforementioned Moon, 25. At last an easterner here to show, Alouette Gerry Dufresne with 19.

Nobody really knows why the game is more eye-dilating in the West, why they play a more exciting, higher scoring game. But when you think of football's legendary passers over the years you think of Indian Jack Jacobs, Glenn Davis, Joe Kapp, Jackie Parker, Sam Rife, Jerry Tolar, Dan Fouts, Tom Landrum, Tom Wilkerson, Peter Liske, Kenny Pison, Eagle Day, Bernie Faloney. All but three of them (Sam the Rifle, Russ and Faloney) made their marks in the West. Even Faloney, come to think of it, wasn't that much of a passer. "Bernie is a mighty unusual quarterback," Joe coach Ken Trimble, used to say. "He can't run, he can't kick and he can't throw. All Bernie can do is best you."

A theory to explain this eastern enlightenment, lately, however, has been advanced by the drawing general manager of the Argonauts, Tom Haddock. Reflecting on the recent dominance of Montreal in the East and Edmonton in the West—they're not in line of the last seven Grey Cup games—Haddock suggests their success has influenced the style of teams in their own divisions. Edmonton under Ray Jauch and later Hugh Campbell put the ball in the air at any hour day or night, and Montreal performing for Mark Levy and now Joe Storti is showing a strongly conservative bias. "I remember once talking to Levy when he first arrived in Montreal in 1973, from the Washington Redskins. He wasn't keen on passing then and he isn't keen as it now in his fourth season running the dirty Kansas City Chiefs. "When you put the ball in the air, one of three things can happen," he said then. "Two of them are bad."

Many appreciated that actors may have had earlier access to the thought. "I think the first man to say that," he said, "was Abraham Lincoln."

Out there, everybody throws touchdown passes and what else does it make the fans wiggle their toes and enjoy



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Strike three, they're out

Last week a U.S. district court judge threw major league baseball a curve and concluded his decision with the timeless words, "Play ball." Judge Henry Weirer's pitch was unexpected as he refused to issue an injunction that would have prevented team owners from putting into effect a controversial plan to compensate themselves for the loss of free agents—the issue that has been hanging over the grand old game for more than a year. Earlier it had appeared that Weirer was inclined to side with the players' contention that the owners' plan was an unfair labor practice. But last Wednesday Weirer wrote in his 38-page decision: "The resolution of the compensation issue is left to the parties through the negotiation process," a process that has been as effective as the Toronto Blue Jays since last May. The players interpreted the ruling as strike No. 3 (Players struck in 1972 during the season and in spring training last year).

The owners, buttressed for a strike with a \$50-million insurance policy, offered a slight wage increase for their next contract plan. Rather than compensation



Mike's owners' proposed 'insignificant'

for any player signed, they sought a player on a major league roster in return for the loss of a free agent judged to be in the top half of the league. The players' union, through its executive director Marvin Miller, has said that they cut over "insignificant" and called the

players out Friday afternoon. It is quite natural that the strike leaves free agency and that the players are adamant about not giving ground. In 1966, prior to the formation of the players' union, long before "free agency" was coined, the average major league salary was \$22,500, the top salary \$150,000 and players qualified for a pension after five years. By 1973, still with no free agency, the average salary was \$32,500, the top \$200,000 and it took four years to earn a pension. Last year, as bidding for free agents peaked, the average wage was \$150,000, the top \$1.5 million and players qualified for a pension after one year and free agency after six.

"We have a choice, and we'd prefer to strike rather than accept the owners' proposal," said Dan Quisenberry, player representative for the Kansas City Royals, voicing the attitude of his union brothers. And the owners at week's end was that the strike would be a long one. The minority of the minority at large that cares about infield hits and excited runs will suffer, the approximately 325 players will not be paid about \$600,000 a day, and the 35 owners will not collect their \$1.25 million daily take. Ironically, those mostly responsible for calling the strike, the owners, could have been the players. —Hal Quinn

Flying ever closer to the sun

By Michael Posner

The Citicorp Service Co. building in downtown Tulsa, Okla., has about it the air of an exposed fortress. Its dark, recessed windows, now after two of perfect squares, might be gas plant vents—exactly the right setting for a corporate siege war under way. But the building is vulnerable on all its flanks, surrounded by nothing but barren parking lots and neutral churches. Its friends are naturally sympathetic, but many are dissatisfied to join the conflict. Fearing that their assets, too, may become targets of the northern energy linc, building with control, Citicorp Service officers plot their tactics, ex-



Citicorp's Chairman Ralph Scurfield

the surface. My feeling is if I develop the resources, I'll take the risk, I should get my share. Why bring in the government?" Standard Oil Corp. in nearby Ardmore, Okla., is affiliated with Noble and run by a Canadian, George Nield. "It drives me deeply to see my country behaving like a banana republic," he says. "Nobody's objecting to the Canadianization, but to the de facto sales, at less than the market price. And \$17 a barrel is not a fair market price."

That view is now being echoed across the American west and in Congress. Almost weekly, some senator or representative from an oil-producing state or elsewhere—Ohio Congressman Clarence Brown among the more vocal—



Skyline of Tulsa; House leader Wright (left); Ohio's Brown, mutual churches

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playing the only answer available to them—wits and wiles, subterfuge and restraining orders.

The energy, of course, is Calgary's New West Group Ltd., which at week's end had upped its ownership in Citicorp Service to 75 per cent. The American firm, with substantial holdings in Canada, is fighting the incursion and has brought a complaint in U.S. district court to block the transfer of shares. But oil industry analysts doubt whether that defense will succeed, citing the failed attempt by Conoco last month to prevent the take-over of its interests in British's Gas Oil and Gas Co. by Dome Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary. It amounts to a series of intercompany plays, all approved by Canada's National Energy Program (NEP), which offers lucrative incentives for Canadian-owned oil and gas interests. Abetted by the NEP, as the Citicorp Service complaints charges, Canadian firms have been borrowing heavily from the chartered banks, acquiring substantial stock positions in U.S. companies and "struc-

uring" the Americans into selling their Canadian oil and gas—in non-union domestic sales.

Until recently, American protests against the NEP have been limited. A number of drilling rigs were moved south of the border. The state department issued a series of diplomatic notes. But now the game has turned serious. The projected loss of exploration subsidies has effectively depopulated U.S. assets in Canada, and Canadian investors are on the prowl, sniffing not only for subsidiaries of large multinationals but for smaller independent producers as well. By and large, the Americans are guided and angry, believing that the NEP will ultimately harm Canada's industry.

"I can't figure it out," confesses George Matloch, president of Tulsa-based Noble Drilling and president of the International Association of Drilling Contractors. "You guys take away the profit motive and there's no incentive. There's enough for everybody on the ground. You're barely scratched

rising to deliver 30 seconds of punitive inquiry. Why is not good Canadian friends doing this to us? Earlier this month, Colorado's Ken Kasser warned his colleagues in the House that Canadian policies "could lead to a departure from what has been a mutually beneficial policy of co-operation." Equally odd scientists have been cited by Sen. Wright, the House majority leader, who wrote in a letter to Alexander Haig last month: "If such diplomatic efforts are not successful [in protecting full reciprocity] we will be happy to work closely with you to find a necessary and timely solution." The American response might take the form of removing the exemption Canada now enjoys from provisions of the 1980 Minerals Leasing Act, which prohibits other foreigners from acquiring federal land leases for oil, gas and mineral development. Or the consumer department might sue the screws a little tighter on the auto pact. But it is clear that settlement is building for some American measures to the NEP. An American Week recently ad-

tariffed. "There is no reason why the U.S. should let Canadian inventory take shelter here when their own country is breaking all the rules of civilized commerce and investment."

Hard words, perhaps, but reflective of the mood if Ottawa wants to pressure takeovers at bargain prices. Washington will find a way to negotiate. It's a game that Americans have played before, and won. ☐

Unravelling the rules

If nothing else, it confirmed the obvious: the vertiginous growth of post-war government rules and regulations costs money. After a three-year \$5-million study, the Economic Council of Canada (ECC) announced last week that consumers could save billions of dollars annually if much of the country's regulatory apparatus were dismantled.

The rules, governing everything from who may start up an airline to how one borrows money, are a burden, costing, after almost 30 per cent of the economy's domestic output of goods and services, the second place. Trembling this laissez-faire government growth has been popular in the United States since the mid-1970s, at the expense of the pro-



cess, Prime Minister Trudeau noted the ECC in 1978 to do its landmark study of regulation in Canada. Business said the study at a signal it might red dress at some of the most hated (and expensive) environmental and safety standards imposed upon it.

But last week's 367-page report didn't make any concessions to business. Instead, ECC Chairman David Slater stated: "For Canada, we have not been able to find any clear evidence that regulation in the areas of consumer protection and occupational health and safety is excessive." The ECC's money-saving "deregulatory" recommendations do include opening up certain agricultural products, lifting provincial controls on

trucking, freeing entry to any career entering into the airline business and allowing more competition in telecommunications. These radical proposals would give some of the sacred regulatory areas that industry, ironically, has come to depend on. The ECC report reflects a deregulatory bias and its solutions are "idiosyncratic," says Ken McLaren, executive director of the Canadian Trucking Association. The council's proposals, seemingly influenced by the deregulation undertaken by the Reagan administration in the U.S., were further clouded by a dissenting voice from within: ECC member and Osgoode law professor Harry Arthurs said in a dissenting report that the main report's underlying assumptions "are surprisingly out of contact with historical fact and current social and political realities." At a Friday press conference, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said he agreed with the "over-all thrust" of the report, but warned he didn't favor the kind of deregulation of the Reagan administration.

Although Drivers and the professions have already started jarring regulations on a small scale, Slater admits the study probably won't bring massive changes in regulations. Given industry's cold reception and the ECC's cautions, the study may well be remembered more as a few-words wonder than as a formula for reform. —LIS WATKINS/STSA

Going for broker

Those Ames boys have been on the slide for 30 years. The margin giant it took them until last week to bail themselves out. Along the grey-funnel corridors of Bay Street, the men of high finance are quick to gossip and slow to change. Last week's merger between two of Canada's oldest stock-broking and investment-dealing

institutions—Dominion Securities Ltd. (DS) and A.E. Ames & Co., both of Toronto—got an end to nearly a year of speculation within financial circles over the fate of the Ames firm, once the most powerful underwriter in Canada but lately, by its own admission, languishing under weak management and out-of-control administrative expenses.

The new firm, frontloaded by its senior managers and named Dominion Securities Ames Ltd.—just as the name Do-

minion Securities Harris Ltd. briefly endorsed the summary of another acquisition in the 1970s—becomes the largest brokerage house in Canada, arranging longtime leader Wood Gundy Ltd., with combined assets of \$47.5 million, 58 branches and about 30 per cent of the underwriting business in Canada.

"I have brought some excellent loyalty in the 'biggest table,'" notes Investment Dealers' Association of Canada President Andrew Krasnowski. "Including a fine retail operation and some great clients." Those include Bell Canada, Stata, Ames, Bank of Montreal and Hydro-Quebec. How many of Ames' staff will survive the merger remains unclear for, in spite of demands from Ames' senior managers, the talk on the street was that you could hear the gnashing of the grillstone all week long at the Ames office on Bay Street. One casualty was Dominion Vice-President George Currie, hired last October from being ignored out as president of PP Publications Ltd. as a result of last year's take-over by Thomson Newspapers Ltd. Last Currie last week. "Ames was never in any harm near the trouble people made out of it to be, but in a business where confidence counts for everything, it boils down to a question of perceptions." ☐

Presidents Tony Fall of Dominion Securities (left), and Robert Bellamy of Ames



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ADVENTURE

To heal where Everest looms

When the first Canadian team tackled Mount Everest last year, medical help will be on hand at the so-called Kande hospital, 1,280 metres below the first base camp. On hand to treat altitude sickness will be the hospital's first Canadian doctor, and its first husband-and-wife duo. While most of their McMaster University medical school classmates head for earthbound postings, Penny Dawson and James Ulling, both 27, set out from Hamilton, Ont., this month for two years at what is probably the world's highest hospital (1,600 metres). They were drawn, says Ulling, not only by the beauty of the area but by its unique

extensions, which Dawson studied during the couple's 20-month preparation for the posting. Given these rigorous conditions, Dawson and Ulling aim to keep procedures simple.

Because the Sherpa bear their homes with open fires, the pair expects to be kept busy with burn cases. But an internal problem like a bleeding ulcer can be a sensitive issue when the patient tends to view it as spiritual power over a doctor's intervention. "The Sherpa don't see their indigenous medical system and ours as mutually exclusive," explains Ulling. "Still, if it hurts long

enough they will come to see us because the shaman's remedies have worked."

But Western medicine appears to be taking hold. Although Kande has been jointly funded by the Canadian Sir Edmund Hillary Foundation and the Canadian International Development Agency since 1976, foundation President John O'Connor expects the hospital should become self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign know-how. Ulling points to a sign of changing times: Nepal's capital, Kathmandu, 260 km from Kande, now has a fledgling medical school. ☐



Ulling (left), Dawson: roughing it

Sherpa population. The 3,000 prospective patients, some of whom live three days' walk from the hospital, welcome outsiders but are relatively new to their ways. Only since 1953, when Sir Edmund Hillary scaled Everest with Tenzing Norgay at his side, has there been regular contact between Nepal and the West.

Accessible only by foot or by yak, the hospital has no electricity save what a generator can provide for emergencies. No surgery more complicated than a caesarean section can be performed—seriously ill patients must be carried to an infirmary about two days' ride away and flown to Kathmandu. Dentistry, a luxury in the Himalayas, is denied to

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For the record

SOMETHING LIKE A BIRD

Charles Morgan
(WEA)

This is Charles Morgan's new song, recorded with a large ensemble (almost 30 strong) which the composer directed from a wheelchair. He subsequently attended

some of Jan Mitchell's sessions for her *Mingus* album, but these January, 1978, sessions were his own last notes. While many composers reserve their final pieces for serene goodbyes, Morgan went out writing a 30-minute message mixing the spirits of his heroes, Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker, the "bird" of the title. The lightly arranged ensemble gleefully rips through the charts, but the solo spots lack the true *swing* of any vintage *Mingus*. Today's studio whizzes, Mike and Randy Brucher, just aren't a patch on Erv Delaney or Ted Carson, *Mingus*' strongest voices of yesterday. And though Bob Nel-

son's piano is a strong rhythmic machine, drummer Dennis Richmond and the bassists are dull and static. *Morgan* wasn't writing old when he died, but these musicians do sound tired. So, while waiting for a luckier session to bring forth the ambrosia of *Something Like a Bird* — one that actually flies — you would do better to reach back into the *Mingus* catalogue for Sidney Webster or the simpler *Passions of a Man*.

Sweet Substitute Sweet Substitute Substituted 1974



SWEET SUBSTITUTE
Jay McInnis
(Sackville)

Thompson's *Sweet Substitute*, a seasoned journeyman pianist, cut his teeth on blues during the '60s and followed up with decades of polishing his craft in the jazz mainstream. His marriage of funk and elegance is now serene and flows through this solo album as easily as the record serves as a sort of one-man anthology. Pure ranges from the Jelly Roll Morton title track to Earl Klemm's *Moby*, the latter folded into a delicious waltz of dense jazz-pop songs. Nevertheless, two *Price* originals and the 1920 vintage *Am I Blue* keep the record close to *Price*'s first inspiration, like the blues, it is at once dark and friendly, minor and perfect.

TUNED JUNCTION
Jay McInnis
(Sackville)

This is the fifth album Kansas City pianist Jay McInnis has made for Toronto's Sackville label. Like his fellow Blue Devils, Count Basie, McInnis is a veteran of the thundering big bands of the '30s and cruck of the pleasure of this record lies in hearing a jazz classicist exploring the style under intimate circumstances, accompanied only by himself. Don Thompson McInnis tunes and swings the music to strip it of nostalgia, exposing a rich mother lode of energy and sophistication. Thompson is one of the major resources of the Toronto jazz scene and a warm and self-effacing support player, but here he steps forward for several superb solo a-bones on an already excellent album.

—BART THOMAS

RECREATION

A ballooning fascination

By Thomas Hopkins

Hot air balloons. For many Canadians they have been relegated to sideshow status. Tethered and guyed, lifting the farmers a mere 18 metres off the ground, they seem like business Gullivers, their nylon fanks tutted with the embelms of beer and cigarette companies. But for a select and dedicated number of Canadian adventurers, flying on balloons is a romantically euphoric sport.

Ever since Ottawa issued Canada's first balloon pilot's license to Stan Sheldrake of Smithville, Ont., in 1968, Canadian sports ballooning has exploded. There are now more than 88 balloons and 115 Canadian pilots—most of them clustered in the West where the prairie's saucer-like openness offers prime terrain. In 1973 there were only 500 (worldwide.) The recreational pastime has generated a yearly Canadian hot-air pilot championship, held this year for the third time in Grande Prairie, Alta., north of Edmonton. This week (June 19 to 26), are top pilots will travel to Battle Creek, Mich., to compete in the eighth World Ballooning Championship. One of the four world jetties at Battle Creek will be Canadian Balloon Association President Al Russell. As Ontario mobile telephone equipment manufacturer, he's "first, last and foremost a balloonist." Russell expresses the sentiments of most enthusiasts when he states "the simplicity of it... the profundity."

Certainly it is simple. The physics has changed little since the Montgolfier brothers, Joseph and Etienne, first met a balloon ship, roaster and duck stool in a daisy field with sooty smoke in the Vermilion of 1783. But now, in place of the linen orbs are reinforced nylon envelopes, lifted not by hot air from burning rubbish, but by air from an efficient propane burner fed by three 18-gal cylinders. A modern balloon takes 15 minutes to fill, and judicious blasts of hot propane flame keep it aloft and control its height. Flights may last up to two hours and end eight to 20 km away where a chase vehicle collects the deflated balloons and elated passengers. Bides with Balloons Adventures of Calgary cost \$100 per person for an hour of flight.

One happy fringe benefit of modern fuel is that, until, as by blast of pro-



Lunches of Ontario Province champion (above) is a weekly experiment by France's Montgolfier brothers, 1783

pulse can instantly chill the traditional post-flight champagne—a marital expense in a high-priced sport. Indeed to fly a balloon, for all their improvements, cost between \$10,000 and a hefty \$25,000 depending on the size—though as one devotee, Earl Kaptis of Calgary, argues "It's cheaper than buying a boat and hauling it to a lake." Skilled aficionados delay some of the costs by setting up ballooning schools. The requisite federal department of transport testing can cost as much as \$1,000 for a full-fledged course with Balloons Adventures.

Oddly enough, it is long distance gas ballooning that has captured most the public's imagination. The first cross-Atlantic flight in a balloon, in 1938 (by Max Anderson, an Albuquerque, N.M., millionaire, and two companions), grabbed headlines across the world. However, gas balloons, with their elaborate wind-tied bag system, remain the Rolls-Royce of the sport and are increasingly rare since the estimated 2,000 balloons in the U.S. and Europe. Says Calgary sports balloonist and retailer Dale Lang: "I can spend \$50 or \$40 for fuel for a two-hour flight in my hot-air balloon. With gas, I could fly all day, but the before would take five hours to fill and cost me \$2,000."

Hot-air champions are also keeping pace with their gas counterparts. Last year Chuck Bump, a Saskatoon R.C. balloonist, lifted his hot-air sport of Canada over the Georgia Strait between Vancouver Island and the mainland. Bump is currently searching for sponsorship for an epic voyage from the Fraser Valley across three mountain ranges in Calgary. Flying at 4,500 metres in hand-held, but equally dangerous for balloons are the hydro lines that cause 90 per cent of all ballooning accidents. The lines are a special problem, says Saskatchewan's Kim Young, a lawyer and balloonist, "in a sport where it's enjoyable to fly five feet off the ground."

This fall, Canadian balloonists will be looking south to Albuquerque and its October Fests, where the usual tests of speed, route-finding and precision are accompanied by unabashed pageantry. The effort is helping to attract 1,000 balloons (up from 300 last year) and range them across the desert in a co-ordinated mass scene. Decorated in swaths of brilliant color, the balloons together as like swollen Jack Bush canvases—enough to stir any amateur's blood.

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TIP TOP

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Cutting down on tree thievery

By Jane Wideman

They work across. Equipped with pickup trucks and chainsaws, they need only hours to reduce a stand of hardwood trees to stumps and branches—at Dave Barrett's losses. In 1978, the Lower Stoddville, N.S., lumber company manager was outraged to calculate a year's damage to his roads and trees at \$5,000. "It was getting up to 300 trees a year," Barrett says. "I saw Barrett, who has cracked down on tree cutters. Any choppers he finds in the act he has snatched several of his neighbors so far; most face charges as give a substantial charge to charity."

Barrett has plenty of company. Illegal tree removal is now cropping up statewide. Scott Paper of New Glasgow, N.S., with an estate across in the province, has barred its roads from the trespassers, who were clearing five to 10 acres a year. No-West Development in Massachusetts, Ont., has posted its land after two roadblocks. "It's like going home and finding you've been robbed," says development co-ordinator Paul Husky. "These people seem to be professionals. They go to the centre of the wood lot and clear out the good stuff" (marketable hardwoods such as birch, ash and maple). This spring 232 hardwood trees were levelled in three wooded winter cutting from an isolated, unattended

woodlot owned by Arpan Construction developers in Oakville, Ont. Comments Rob Perkins, Oakville's supervisor of urban forestry: "People will fight to get the wood and sell it. It's almost a small-scale war at times."

The thievery is especially widespread around urban areas where wood is scarce and costly—up to \$250 a cord. Rising sales of wood-burning furnaces, which often require fire to avoid costs of wood a year, appear to be fueling a trend. Provincial ministry officials across Ontario report complaints from angry wood theft victims are on the increase. "We see it in growing proportions," reports Sheri Yorga, forest management supervisor for the Ontario ministry of natural resources in Cambridge, Ont. According to Yorga, the wood-supply people find in the win-

ter, dry their wood in the summer and either stake their own fireplaces with it the following winter or sell it at the side of the road. It takes a well-organized crew only half an hour to fell and remove a tree and two or three minutes to load a truck with chopped wood, says Paul Johnson, regional forester for the ministry of natural resources in London, Ont. "They cut—up, up, up—then it's into the pickup truck and they're gone."

Crown land, too, is feeling the bite of the chain saw artists, especially in B.C., where a single red cedar can be worth thousands of dollars and thieves tend to know the value of the trees. "Residents remember they're taking wood they're entitled to," explains B.C. Forest Practices Ltd. Chief Forester Jack Teo.

But if the problem seems clear, the solution remains unknown, as both woodlot owners and government officials take special measures against trespassers. Many private owners are branding their trees with fluorescent paint to prevent unnoticed getaways and illegal sales. Meanwhile, provinces including B.C., Newfoundland, Ontario and Nova Scotia have recently designated areas of Crown land for controlled firewood cutting anyone obtaining a government permit can chop and buy wood earmarked for removal. To counter red cedar thefts, the B.C. Forest Service has stepped up RCMP patrols of Crown woodlots.

All these efforts, however, may go in smoke. Fast-moving cutters are rarely caught, and the charges of trespassing and theft are hard to prove—as the Oakville case demonstrates. This April, when an Arpan Construction developer hired cutters to fell trees in an area assigned for tree removal, word-of-mouth advertising attracted thieves who cleared an estimated \$40,000 worth of hardwood trees from a 17-acre area earmarked for preservation as parkland. Ten were caught with their booty. No charges have been laid against the cutters, who admit they were selling their booty to make way for a development. But fingers have been pointed at Arpan for its supervision of the cutting. "Classified, the company has offered to clean up the woodlot and plant new trees."

"The problem is that with so many absentee landowners, we never know who comes and gets the wood," says Perkins. "Trees are always disappearing, and it's impossible to police unless you live with the trees." □

Perkins: "people will fight for wood"



Barrett: no more money for chain saw-wielding neighbors caught in the act

Toward the priestly robes

A Catholic group in Canada pushes for women's ordination

By Patrick Denohoe

Sister Judy Mauer doesn't shrink from change. After five years of teaching, she entered and subsequently left two religious orders. Although she is still a practicing nun in Ottawa, the only visible symbol of her dedication in a tiny cross pinned to her blouse. Now, at 34, she is being pressed to do and be more. Among other things, she is often called to the sickbed of a dying person to hear his last confession—a function that is the sole preserve of priests in the Roman Catholic Church. Says she, "People must feel I have a leadership role in the community."

Indeed she does. Typical of an emerging group of women unhappy with the restricted roles accorded them by the Vatican, Mauer recently formed the



Mauer: unhappy with Vatican restrictions

first pressure group in Canada for the ordination of women. The Canadian Catholics for Women's Ordination (CCWO), which already boasts 75 members, will be holding its first national conference in Toronto next week. In Canada, desire for reform comes from canonical texts like the Toronto School of Theology. Three Catholic women study with other women awaiting ordination in the Anglican and United Churches, which have some 200 women ministers.

Catholic women have made strides, however, into the church hierarchy. They now serve on many ecclesiastical

counciling bodies including tribunals that examine grounds for marriage annulments. A 1973 decree from Rome allowed women to assist in the distribution of Holy Communion, although they cannot consecrate the wine and bread. In

fact, women may not say mass or give sacraments.

The CCWO is convinced that now is the time to press for changes in the church's resisterial attitude. A 1979 Gallup poll in the United States found 60 per cent of Catholics supported women's ordination, an increase from 20 per cent five years ago. "Since we look at this in terms of the North American community," says Mauer, "clearly, an acceptance of women priests is generally growing." Even church officials such as George Cardinal Flahiff of Winnipeg have repeatedly called for greater par-

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disparage women in leadership roles in the church. Because of a sharp decrease in priestly vocations (there are only half the number of ordinations as 15 years ago), women have, in fact, been taking on greater responsibilities in some parishes, performing administrative and pastoral duties. Women in such capacities in the Diocese of Seattle, for example, are doing a necessary job that resembles an ordination.

But the advance of women in the Catholic Church halts abruptly at the priesthood. The prohibition is not a doctrinal doctrine, but a rule based on tradi-



Catholic women "introducing" Holy Communion-making strides into the hierarchy

tion. If Jesus wanted women priests, the argument runs, he would have easily ordained the Virgin Mary. Though the prevailing sexual anthropology among church authorities holds that men and women are equal, the prohibition is exclusively male because only a man can represent Jesus Christ incarnate. Conversely, the CCNB argues that the priest is also the sanctuary's representative before God, and that the humanity of the priest, not gender, is what matters. Not surprisingly, many women oppose the move toward ordination. Catherine Bolger, a Toronto mother and columnist for a Jesuit publication, is quoted as saying, "The essence of priesthood is fathering, and women can't father," says Bolger. "These women who want to be ordained want to put on a collar and imitate me. They'll only be third-rate nuns."

Despite this lack of consensus on the point, many are eager to see women's status in the church improved. Dorothy Brocklehurst of Sydney, N.S., and president of the 110,000-member Catholic Women's League, wrote, "The time has come to include women in the decision-making processes of the church." As Canada's only Catholic women chancellor of a diocese, Sister Katherine Maguire, C.S., of Nelson, B.C., also criticizes women's status. "I'd never seen in and fight for ordination," she says, "I'd fight for equality before the [church's] law and that would give me equality of opportunity for ordination."

While the hurdles may seem overwhelming, the CCNB is not far from the moment in strengthening its ranks. "Five years from now we intend to present ourselves to the bishops for ordination," Maer says. So far, none of the CCNB are intending to defect to the more progressive Anglican or United Churches, preferring instead to work for change within the church. Joyce Desros, Keeney, a Dartmouth, N.S., mother of three, is typical of many CCNB pioneers. Says she, "Three years ago my own pastor laughed at me for wanting to be a priest, but lately he's been very supportive. There's hope." ☐

FILMS

A long, cool summer of Saturday afternoons

A feast of outcast fantasy films to sate the senses

By Lawrence O'Toole

"**F**antasy is fantasy," Jack Warner once roared, and he made sure his studio met that mandate. In those days, one way of handling the month-of-Sundays blues was to spend a month of Saturday afternoons baled up in a darkened theatre where you could dream without over-

load, comes *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, produced by George Lucas, the man who became *Indiana* when he made *Star Wars*. *Raiders* is the privilege of the new fantasy film: outcast, week-peeled, ultra-sophisticated, stirring, sweet-minded and given to the grand gesture. Compliments of Krypton, there's *Superman II*, thanks to Jack again we have *Clash of the Titans*. From the writing-directing



Harrison Ford in 'Clash of the Titans': back to the basics of good and evil

slapping. This summer, films are fanatical once again at studios and filmmakers, feeling the pinch of bad home-office and attempting to lure audiences back from the terrain of television, reach into their beds for new and larger rabbits.

The trend started in April with John Boorman's magical communion into Arthurian legend, *Excalibur*, the only moderate hit since Christmas. On its heels (and a *Cosmo*-Magnum county) (*Conan*), a writers set in order space (United), the Arthurian legend followed to flower children (*Knight Rider*) and an old TV series, *The Lone Ranger*, which has suddenly been revived to the realm of *The Legend of They* were apertils, all of them.

The real feat of fantasy is just arriving: From Steven Spielberg, the director of *Close Encounters of the Third*

space of Eli Barwood and Matthew Robbins in *Dragonslayer*, set in the same vaporous land as *Excalibur*. Canada's Ivan Reitman's contribution is the animated fantasy *Honey, We Shrunk*, based on characters from the magazine of the same name. Whether the market can support the clash of so many titles remains to be seen, but there's fantasy up ahead nonetheless. In the works, or already shot, are *Rescue of the Jedi*, *Superman III*, *Arad* (from *Breaking Away*), director Peter Yarrow, and producers John Kennedy's and Dean Bond's *Quest for Fire* which, with a budget of \$12 million, is the most expensive movie ever made in Canada.

Trends are so much the children of the hand as they are of the private imagination or the public need. Movies are an industry; if one studio craves black gold, the rest will start drilling similar



Harrison Ford in 'Clash of the Titans': back to the basics of good and evil

ground hoping for the big gambit. The first sport was *Star Wars*, stirring movie-makers to the postscript—and profits—in simple escapist stories told with the aid of new, sophisticated special effects. The gasp-worthy grooves of its sibling, *The Empire Strikes Back*, merely reaffirmed the action. *Raiders* that had languished for years with only the hopes of their authors for company were suddenly good gambits. Barwood's and Robbins's *Dragonslayer* was written long before it got the go-ahead. In fact, several of their screen treatments—pre-*Star Wars*—in the fantasy genre had been considered difficult to sell. John Boorman had asked to do *Excalibur* since 1960; it wasn't possible until the success of the new state of the art was obvious. The budget for *Excalibur* was \$11 million, \$18 million for *Dragonslayer*, \$20 million for *Raiders*—none of them ridiculously high by today's standards. As Barwood says: "You can go to a studio and say you want to fly a dragon and nobody will bat an eyelid, because they know it won't cost the world to make." With special effects as refined as they are, their costs are lower—and true which, is the movie industry, sets up money the fastest.

Finally, the motivation behind the fantasy trend seems clear enough, but there is also a deeper reason, one that may have much to do with the basic appeal of movies themselves. A cinematic surplus has been that movies aren't what they used to be—unpleasant sensory experience that stimulated rather than threatened and was somewhat removed from contemporary concerns. The new fantasy films, from *Star Wars* onward, plaster the past in the form of myths, legends, comic books, old TV shows and movies and Saturday af-



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person series. Old tales are facilitated with futuristic elements, the Arthurian legend for *Star Wars*, *High Noon* for *Outland*. Rarely does the new batch take place in time present. Swords and rap guns capture a different essence and crowd their boundaries. The good guys are pitted against the bad guys, and the good guys usually win. Everything's as simple—as flat—as a movie. The story these fabulous tell, which is basically one of good versus evil, is ancient, primal and familiar. Roberto Yates on

Peter MacNicol, Cullen Clarke and Eriq La Salle in *Dragonflyer's* plundering myth



marshaling both opposing forces on the planet Krell. "Isn't it always a fantasy when good overcomes evil?"

In addition to being re-exposed to codes of behavior that have become confused in modern times, moviegoers, like Blanche DuBois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, must magic, not realism. Not every movie is a watch-dogging *Police* suffer through *The Pure Sinners*. And again by the margins in what audiences are being offered. Clunk of the Titans is every bit as pleasurable as it is silly, possibly because its saucy banter and its not to be found outside a movie theatre. Perhaps the distillation of pure escapism and undistilled action is *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, lustreously shot in exotic locales no travel brochure could capture. Its archaeologist hero, Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), goes through just about every hair-raising, cliff-hanging scrape imaginable, the world is a giant booby trap filled with tarantulas, poison darts and 6,000 snakes slithering around in the Well of the South. Set principally in Egypt prior to the Second World War, the movie is structured in the form of a quest: both Indiana Jones and the Nazis are seeking the lost Ark of the Covenant which, when finally opened, unleashes a Pandora's box of stunning special effects.

To say that *Raiders* is mindless is also

the highest form of compliment; it sends your mind on vacation, allowing you to submit without a care to the senses. That sensuality, surrounding its audience in a way that the visual and aural postures of TV never can, is as big and busy as the errors, as grand as opera. "Movie can be extremely theatrical in fantasy films," says John Williams, the foremost fantasy-film composer, responsible for *Raiders'* rousing score. "The musical gestures are big and the orchestra's textures are splendid. It's

phases for a while; they even walked away from the educational system."

Getting back to basics—good and evil, being saved in the nick of time—seems to be just what the schemers ordered. Director John-Lucas Asquith calls *Quest for Fire* a "prehistoric 2001," a search for origins. The concept of the hero—long out of favor and even considered downright dirty for a while—is back in full force. The heroes of these fantasy films find a need for audiences to think that knights were bold and guts. The Indiana Jones can indeed grab a piece of glory now and then. Like old bedtime stories, myths and fairy tales that have stoked the imaginations of spellbound children for centuries, the fantasies suggest that anything is possible. For a few hours there is a Superman, and girl-friends like Lois Lane do exist. What the new fantasies are offering is a summer of Saturday afternoonism. ☐



Reverie playing to sentimental values

A man of dry wit, charm and steel

SUPERMAN II
Directed by Richard Lester

When Superman looks Lois Lane with the gaze from his planet, hazel-blue eyes in *Superman II*, her eyes do dazzle. It looks as though all she wants to do is faint

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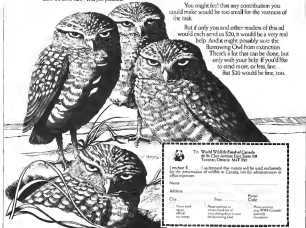
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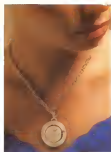
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away and call it a life. The chemistry between Clark Kent or Bruce and Marv/Riddler, which was the saving grace of the original Superman, is as sweet and rare as anything that passed between Astaire and Rogers when they were dancing. In *Superman II* Ladd finally gets two and two together, discovering that Marv/Clark Kent is the man of his dreams in a shiny disguise, and thus propels the plot forward with new vigor. Instead of the boring expostory nature of the original, there is a rapid-fire sequence of global disasters and the threatened annihilation of two people. The global disasters arise when Superman saves Lois from a terrorist's hydrogen bomb on the Eiffel Tower; he pushes it into outer space where, upon exploding, it releases three anti-vitamins from Krypton for their captivity. And because Superman has been written by a mortal, he loses his powers. The world is brought to its knees by General Zod (Terence Stamp) and his cohorts (Seth Green and Jack O'Halloran)—three evil supermen with the same power as the Man of Steel.

Superman II is a scriptwriter's—and a special effects man's—movie. Both the writing and the visuals are beautifully clever and chock-full of dry wit, which is never gratuitously employed. It is fun to watch Superman (and Zod) into an enormous HATE CRACK sign and watch the fireworks as these two friends do battle on the streets of Metropolis. When the three mad Kryptonians blow people and cars around the street with their breath, the special effects team's so much a matter of showing off as they are a part of the story's spirit, which is generous and lacking in libelous thought. *Superman II* fits like *Superman* himself—it just goes along, wondrously charmed with itself.

The writers (David and Leslie Newman and Mario Puzo) have found the right tone for comic-strip material the second time around. As the other installment on the theme, *Star Wars*—playing Les Lather, however glibly the dialogue written for him by snatching his eyebrows and twinkling his eyes—he's a pop portrait of gleeful obnoxiousness. What matters in *Superman II* is not so much the sublimation of the world's victory (the violence in the movie is particularly revolting) as the absolutely uncorruptible possibility that two people are doomed to be proud apart. For more reason (and likely our conditioning to the sentimental values of North American culture) the very notion of a likable, sexy, and even purporting being denied her romantic destiny seems horribly wrong. But the film-makers doubtless have a few surprises up their sleeves. If they have any sense, *Superman III* will include a new character: Superbitch. —L.O.T.



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A bachelor's life for we

The country seems bent on renewing its pact with yet another single man

By Allan Fotheringham

The National Governing Party of Canada (NGP) and a quiet policy conference in Ottawa one weekend this month, perched on the back of the backdoor after hostilities in hotel rooms, drinking and eating, discussing their first grip on a seat on the jigsaw of the nation. The Liberals of course are a phenomenon of what passes for the Western democracies, able by my craft and the looting

by lonely, western bachelors. If the nation, the personality of a country can be judged by the virtue of a John Kennedy or the growing lion of a Churchill, Canada is best epitomized by grim, abstemious bachelors pulling the show around their feet on a February eve. William Lyon Mackenzie King, that tiny little man, ran this country for 22 years, in three different spells, 1911 to '26, 1926 to '30, 1935 to '48. We just kept coming back for more punishment. He kept on friendly relations with a



succession of happily married women while doing his nighttime missionary projects with prostitutes. (There's the old joke about King ending a robust sentence: "Morning adjutant, could any of you fellows lend me 19?")

Pierre Trudeau, on occasion, is a lifetime bachelor who dabbled abhorrently on marriage for a brief six years with the lovely Margaret and now seems to be the most well-remembered single parent on the job. He lived quite contentedly until he was 21 as a bachelor and now, at 61, seems quite contented once again. Bachelorhood seems to be his natural state, the married seem to aberrate in his back. Margaret revealed that he once told her the thing he liked best about his mother was that she never interrupted him. Ah, there lies a true bachelor. There lies a natural leader for Canada, the country that is so polite it never interrupts the natural reveries of the shrew who is so charming as to lead us.

So now we have, as natural successor

in this political sponsorship, the lovely Allan J. MacKachan from Cape Breton, a man as lonely and alone as that spare island. He seems naturally prepared for the task, certainly more interested in becoming PM now, his intimates confide, than he was 10 years ago. Thwarted by his first-ballot support at the 1982 convention, he ran a large deficit in his futile leadership bid, saw his mother, father and brother die in quick succession, almost lost his seat and by 1983 was in bad shape with a bleeding ulcer. Bachelors surviving MacKachan today, so if anything his body for the appointed role, has lost 30 pounds recently on the Seaside diet. His handsome shock of hair has either been deprived of Greisen Formula lately or has taken an interest-rate grey. He is 58, fresh blood for a dull country.

Like Mackenzie King's, MacKachan's friendships with women tend to be with happily married ones. They're safe. His best friends are Trudeau's wife Joyce Fairbairn (Mrs. Michael Giller, Giller works for him) and his personal secretary, Pearl Hunter, a widow who was once secretary to Jimmy Sinclair, Margaret's father. His male friends are mostly bachelors: Alastair Fraser, former clerk of the Commons; John Stewart, the former MP from Antigonish, the priest at St. Francis Xavier University who first booted him. He goes to mass almost every day. There is a natural link between the brooding Presbyterian King—rejected by the pseudo-swinging Trudeau—and the brooding Catholic MacKachan.

Mackenzie King tried to commune with his dead mother and talked in his beloved day Trudeau (the famous two newspaper readers) revealed the other day that the "me strike" isn't important because he never listened to radio or watched TV. It is natural. The voters of this country like monks, inward-turning men who are obsessed with self. MacKachan will fill the bill. It is not an accident that Liberal leaders are bachelors and bachelors are Liberals. It goes with the territory.



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